

THE ADVOCATE



COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

1927

Class Song

By PEARL E. NANSCAWEN, '27.



OUT ON THE ROAD

With a song on our lips and with hearts that are light
We're bearing away for to-morrow
There's sunshine before and a day with no night,
And a world that is free from all sorrow.

So come all ye winds and blow us along,
Ye winds of Ambition and Youth
To a land of our own where are towering high,
The castles of Wisdom and Truth.

With a smile for the world and with hearts that are glad,
We'll soar o'er each mountain and plain.
And seeking rejoice for the power we have
To rise o'er the mist and the rain.

We'll plant on the by-roads, the pathways, and roadsides
The banner of will to go on,
That others who follow will find them like signposts,
Leading from darkness to dawn.

CHORUS

We've a song on our lips, heigh-oh, oh-heigh,
And a smile for the world as we're passing by,
And we're bound with a will, oh-heigh, heigh-oh,
For the years where our wand'ring ways must go.



GILMAN H. CAMPBELL

RESPECTFULLY, we, the Class of 1927, dedicate this issue of *The Advocate* to our beloved principal, Gilman H. Campbell, under whose guidance we have successfully completed our high school education.

We regret that Needham High School will lose next Fall its capable and efficient leader, who has accomplished so much during his eight years of principalship.

In Memoriam

+ +

Mildred C. Fraser

A loving friend and teacher who was suddenly taken from us, but whose character and personality were of such a quality that we can never forget her.

The Advocate

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THE NEEDHAM



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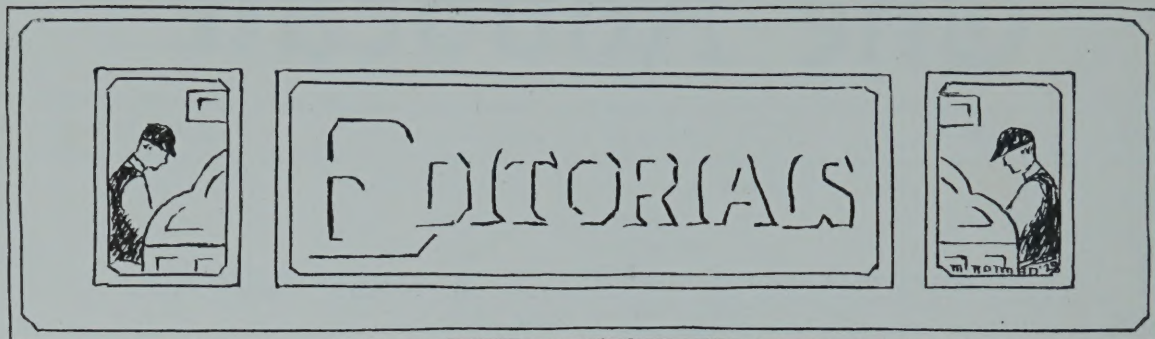
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From The Advocate

Hello, everyone of N. H. S. and its friends. On the occasion of the second publication of **The Advocate** of this school year I greet you. I want to take this opportunity to thank the faculty, the advertisers, the students, and all who have had a part, either directly or indirectly, in making me a success this year, and also I wish to make myself better known to all students of your school.

Students of N. H. S., I do not belong to the faculty, the staff, or to the building in which I am printed. I do not belong to any individual person or to any group of persons. I belong to the whole school—the voice of the house of learning. Through me the spirit of the school speaks a message and that message tells the story of your activities, of the things that make you laugh and sometimes of the things that make you sad. I know you want all your friends to know them and whether I live to tell them depends on the thoughtfulness, co-operation, and desire of each one of you to give me the things on which I thrive.

All I ask of you is that each do your best—write for me, buy me, boost me.

The Advocate.

To Our Faculty Advisers

The Advocate Board wishes to take this opportunity to show its appreciation to its faculty advisers. Their untiring efforts in advising us how to obtain and to choose the best works produced in our school, how

to arrange our material in a logical order, and how to manage successfully the financial end of the magazine are duly esteemed by every individual on the board. Without their helpful suggestions we would find it difficult to issue a paper which would really represent the talent which our school possesses.

The present **Advocate** staff wishes to leave the impression that its faculty advisers are co-operating and have been co-operating with us for the good of this school's magazine and that their services are an asset to **The Advocate**.
H. W. C., '27.



Attention Freshman!

Freshman! Do you realize that two or three years from now you will be taking exams to get into college? College—that heretofore has existed only as a vague place in your imagination. Now is the time to prepare for your examinations; now—not the last minute in your Junior or Senior year.

Learn all you can as you go along in your first three years. Don't try to cram a million things into your one short hectic Senior year.

Always have before you a vision of college and live up to that vision by studying hard all through high school, not by "getting by" in your freshman year, by working in fits and starts your sophomore year, by thinking a little bit about exams your junior year, and by cramming in your senior year.

Go to work now!

E. E. W., '28.

Class Rings

We continually need variety in order to lend spice to our existence, but why should we litter up everything with variety, when variety is needless. We need standardization to stamp upon the minds of outsiders just who we are and what our objectives are. An automobile manufacturer does not change the trade mark on his car every year. The trade mark remains though the rest of his vehicle may change. It would not do for him to change this mark of recognition annually, for the people cannot quickly accustom themselves to changes. So in our school we hope that various letters which are given out for athletics may reach some degree of standardization in the near future. But above all it has become an immediate necessity that there should not be adopted an individual ring for each class, but a school ring. It is sheer selfishness that causes each class to choose each year a design different from that of its predecessor. Class rings are in no way representative of the singular tastes of the class, for there are only an appointed few who select them. We do not have to go far to look for examples, for many neighboring schools have already chosen permanent rings which are recognized by everyone in and about the town. Our rings are our trade marks and some thought should be given them at once and that thought acted upon.

A. H. B., JR., '27.



Parents Take Notice

For a long time and in varied ways there has been brought before the eyes of the students of N. H. S. the fact that they have lacked the school spirit that other schools maintain. Even our new teachers and mere visitors have noticed it. Is this the impression that we wish to give to outsiders? It certainly is not. Therefore, the question is, upon whom is the blame to be placed?

The answer is, not only are we to be blamed but our parents and the people of the town also must shoulder the burden. They fail to uphold the efforts that the school is seeking to improve. For example, let us take the recent Girl's Gym Meet. How many parents were interested enough to attend it? There were empty seats where there should have been none. There were more cousins and aunts and friends present than there were parents. Our first Gym Meet was crowded. Why? Because it was a novelty. But that is not the way it should be. Our school should be upheld by the townspeople in its every activity. Why, in a neighboring school a Gym Meet was held and literally hundreds were turned away because of the crowd. The spirit of that school is considered high, but why shouldn't it be?

If the spirit of our townspeople is dormant how, therefore, can the school be expected to bring life and create a thing which is strangled by the very atmosphere about it? We do not mean to vindicate ourselves but we do ask that our parents and that every person in the town take a little interest in what we do and come at least halfway. Is it too much bother, or is the following conversation to remain the attitude of our parents?

This was heard the day before the Gym Meet:

First Girl: "Is your mother going to the Gym Meet?"

Second Girl: "No."

First Girl: "Mine isn't either. She always goes to the movies every Saturday night."

Think—Are those few words to express the attitude of over half the town? School is nearly over now and the time is past for any retribution this year. But remember there is another year and many years after that in which you can work with our school in its effort to restore the school spirit that has been lost.

P. E. N., '27.



Literature

The Harp

By PARKER BARTLETT, '28

(First Prize Junior-Senior Story Contest)

From the days of mythology there appears a story which in history is but a myth, but in fairyland, a true happening. A harp is the centre of the tale, and a curious figure the outstanding character.

Hundreds of years before organs were invented a German musician conceived to his delight a harp which could be played only by those who lived the pure and upright life that all true men should live. Soon after his invention he died, and the secret of his wonderful music was left unrevealed. The harp remained among Hahn's other inventions, and some time after his death they were placed on exhibition.

Among many of the curious spectators who were attracted by the queer descriptions of his ingenious musical inventions, there came one day a man of great wealth. The harp was explained to him and aroused his interest immediately. He touched the seemingly natural strings but no musical tone came forth. He became further amused in seeing that he had been likewise unable to play it. As the legend goes, he bought the curiosity at a large sum and promised that once every year he would open the doors where the harp was kept and let anyone who chose try his skill at playing.

The first year passed and the great event was to take place. There assembled many of the townsfolk and some neighboring musicians who thought their skill superior and were there to prove it. One by one they made their best effort to play the harp, but no one succeeded. The doors of the room were closed, and again gossip spread about.

News spread into far off countries; great artists wrote long articles about the quality of the strings and mechanism, trying to prove that the whole mechanical theory was wrong. Inventors examined it, sacred prophets vowed they would play it, but the following year brought the same result.

Year after year futile efforts were made to get some one to play the mysterious harp which for so many years had been unheard. Many noted players were summoned, ministers, priests, and missionaries all did their best but always they lacked the necessary character.

Naturally, people were beginning to think that no one would ever be able to play the wonderful instrument. So, as a last resort, everyone who had ever learned to play a harp was invited to try his skill. There were some two hundred who came to play and a great many more who came to witness the scene.

The first honored person to be called on was a noted player from Greece, and with all confidence he strode manfully forward. He ran over the strings with his fingers, but no musical tone was heard. The artist sat down and tried to acquire his practiced ease, but he could not play. He returned to his seat, disappointed by his failure. The second guest made the same attempt but was also unable to play the instrument. All sorts of positions and attitudes were taken in trying to play, but not one from the whole group succeeded.

All was quiet for a moment; sadness prevailed; disappointment was keen; embarrassment was extreme. A stir from the far corner of the room aroused the spectators from their

dreams, and an old, blind cripple hobbled down the aisle. Breathing seemed to stop and sobbing was heard no more. The cripple was seated by his worshiped instrument, and he began his art.

Such melody as came forth upon that occasion one cannot describe. Women became hysterical; great strong men shook with emotion as the poor cripple showed his greatness. After a few minutes of playing he stopped, and, limping down the aisle, headed for his hut.

For some minutes the people were motionless, overcome by his wonderful music. Just as it seemed something must happen, a grey-haired lady arose and began to speak. Her voice quivered as she told how this old musician had that winter gone without food and

shelter for four cold days in order to save her poor sick boy; how he had given his last few pennies to get a doctor and opened his broken shack for the poor sick lad.

In the days of mythology there came this dreaded sickness once every year and her poor lad had fallen victim to it. It was believed that if any but the doctor visited or saw the person who was afflicted, that person would immediately contract the disease. For this reason the patient was exiled. Thus the myth runs of the old cripple who gave all he had for the sake of helping a fellow neighbor in distress. He had been the only one who, according to the story, had given everything so that he might help a friend. That is why he was the only one who had the power to play such beautiful chords.



Ha Hutz One Over on Them

By AMELIA BEAUREGARD, '29

(First Prize for Sophomore-Freshman Story Contest)

Pa shuffled drearily up a dingy street in one of the poorer suburbs of Boston. During the past year many changes had come into his life. His son had married; he had lost his position as the carter for a furniture and piano mover; and lastly his wife had died. He had bravely fought off poverty, but now his savings had dwindled until he accepted his son's offer of help and went to live with him.

Pa's son, Patrick, Junior, had married a most sharp-tongued and easily excitable woman. Her name was Maggy, but Pa thought it ought to be changed to Naggy. She made Pa's life miserable. As soon as he was comfortably seated in an easy chair she would say, "Pa I have got to clean this room. Go along into the kitchen," or, "Pa go down to the store; of all the lazy persons you're the laziest."

Pa never had a moment of peace. But even this did not satisfy Maggy. She hinted in no uncertain terms that Pa was costing entirely too much for food. She further stated that anybody but a lazy person would go out and earn enough money to pay his board.

Pa listened in silence, as his custom was, to what Maggy said. But one morning he left the house and was not seen until night. If we had followed him on his walk, we would have seen him slowly make his way to the city, and, after arriving at a long street in the poorer business quarters of the city, he climbed a stairway until he reached a glass paneled door with this inscription printed upon it, "Mr. Michael J. O'Leary, Attorney-at-law. Office hours 10 a.m.—5.30 p.m." A legal-looking person opened the door and Pa entered.

A week after this, immediately after supper, Pa produced from his pocket a long document, stamped with colored inks, which he announced was his will. He had Maggy and Pat, Jr. sign it as witnesses. He then put it in a certain drawer of his bureau where he knew Maggy would find it. He stayed away from the house all the next day, and Maggy while cleaning his room came upon his will in an accidental manner of course. With the most unseemingly curiosity she ventured to read it. Here is a part of what she read.

I bequeath to:

South End Irish Relief Club, \$5,000.

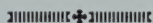
Patrick Murphy, \$10,000.

Maggy Murphy	{	Union Block
		Little Gem Theatre
		French Block

After reading this, Maggy sat down in a rocking chair and fanned herself.

When Pa returned that night, Maggy greeted him at the door with an affectionate smile. "Pa dear," she said, "you don't really think that I meant what I said when I sent you out to work? I was only joking. Come in and sit down. Supper will be ready in a

minute. I hope you haven't had a hard day." For supper that night Pa had the choicest things, and for the rest of Pa's life he was treated as a most honored guest. At last, after many happy years of life, Pa died. Maggy waited a due length of time, but at last she thought she could carry the will to the lawyer without seeming impatient. The lawyer read it, then he said, "I hope you realize that the various things mentioned in this will were not owned by your father. The late Mr. Murphy told me that for certain confidential reasons he was giving away things that he did not own, for his whole estate amounted to only about twenty dollars besides the clothing which he was wearing."



The Hall of the Lookout Tower

By ALVIN RYAN, '29

(Second Prize for Sophomore-Freshman Story Contest)

The pungent odor of burning pine had been evident to the forest ranger for several seconds. It was a mid-August day. Bill Raleigh, assigned to the look-out tower on Bear Mountain, was patrolling his territory.

Bill who was to enter his Junior year at Purdue in the fall, was about six feet tall and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His riding uniform showed his athletic build.

Guiding his horse Ranger back to the cabin, he climbed the lookout tower. The tower was nothing more than a huge pine tree, once a monarch of the forest but now fast decaying under the hands of time. The top had been cut off and a platform had been built. The stumps of the branches served as a means of ascent.

Bill discovered the fire and soon had extinguished it, but he had noticed something strange while descending the tower. A slight breeze, hardly enough to shake the ordinary pine, had swayed the tower considerably. Bill decided that he must have imagined it.

But it was not his imagination. A sinister plot was being directed against him. Bear Mountain, always a favored rendezvous for moonshiners, was near a small river

(Deer River by name) which extended into Canada. Rum smuggling across the border was becoming serious. It was for this reason that Bill Raleigh had been appointed as a revenue agent. It was thought that he being in the mountains could handle the situation during the summer months.

He had arrested several of these rum smugglers and was despised—but much feared—by them. They were seeking revenge and knowing that Bill used the tower, chose this as their means.

Jim Wilson, leader of one of the strongest smuggling bands, had made the first move while Bill was away from the tower. With a buck saw he had made a cut about a foot deep in the three-foot base of the pine, not enough to topple the tree but enough to weaken it a great deal. Then, when he had finished, he looked up one hundred and fifty feet to the platform and muttered with a grim smile, "We'll fix 'em." At about the same time on the following morning Wilson made the cut deeper and heard the tower creak as a gust of wind blew from the West.

That night Bill wrote home to his folks telling them that there had been but one

small fire in a week and that things were quieter than usual. An hour afterward Wilson stole through the pines onto the clearing and with the same grim determination as before added a few more inches to the already deep cut. Bill listened. Was it the whistling of the wind he had just heard? Or was it? "I guess I was dreaming," whispered Bill to himself turning over.

The next day was like the previous; there were no fires. At night Wilson made the last cut. The tower needed but weight of a man on the platform and it would crash to the ground. Wilson's revenge was nigh.

When Bill awoke the next day he decided to ride down the slope and into the valley to the west of his tower. He had not been there for some time. He started early and had ridden for about two hours when he found what he was hunting for. A small, blue-white column of smoke was drifting lazily from the valley. In two hours it could not be controlled by anything but rain.

Bill considered. If he rode down it would take half an hour and by that time the fire would be beyond his control. So he turned his horse and rode back toward the cabin.

Suddenly—clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop—the steady beat of horses hoofs. Bill took

out his glasses and gazed at the horsemen—Wilson and part of his band—a thought flashed through Bill's brain—a thought with a double purpose. He rode behind the shelter of a large rock and waited. Soon they came near—Wilson and six of his accomplices.

Bill levelled his gun and commanded them to halt. Wilson knew what it meant to have a gun levelled at him, and halted. When Wilson stopped his companions stopped.

"Drop your guns."

Six two-pounders clinked on the ground.

"Wilson, I'll—"

Clink, and another dropped.

"See that smoke?" Bill asked, but it sounded like a command. The smugglers nodded in acknowledgment.

"We're going to put it out." This information was from Bill. For Bill it was an easy matter to put out the fire; for the outlaws it was the first real day's work of their lives.

"Now, for the sheriff's office," ordered Bill. The outlaws were in no mood to rebel.

That night Bill was awakened by an ominous crash. In the morning he saw the cut and realized how fortunate it was for him that he had met the outlaws.



Official Prescription for Gaining Ten Pounds

(As our families would have it)

By MADELEINE PEASE, '27

Upon our suggestion that we would like to gain ten pounds the older folks immediately brighten and begin to offer suggestions. In the first place it is absolutely necessary to retire at nine-thirty regularly (week-ends not excepted). Quantities of milk are an essential constituent of our daily diet, and, above all, hot cereal must be consumed at breakfast. The latter is to be eaten slowly and in great amounts, necessitating early rising and hasty

dressings. One point in our menu has been neglected; namely, a fourth meal which should be taken immediately before retiring. In spite of Mr. Fleischmann's assertions to the contrary, our families maintain that by following this program, with the addition of some outdoor exercise, we will without question attain the goal toward which we struggle. But, would add in closing that, as the French say, "Faire et dire sont deux!"

The Barnacle

By PEARL E. NANSCAWEN, '27

Barnacles are shell fish that attach themselves to rocks and to the bottom of ships, thus impeding their speed. And Bertram Louis was a barnacle. Not a water barnacle, but a human barnacle, for if once he manifested any signs of liking a person he stuck firmly to him, figuratively speaking. Bertram was a romantic boy and half his school day was spent in imagining beautiful Elaines floating down placid rivers, in flowered gondolas, stretching out their arms to him. Of course they had to be saved, from what Bertram never quite knew, but he was inevitably a great knight upon a restless, black charger and he invariably rescued them. But, unfortunately for Bertram, he was sixteen and homely. His forehead was low, his hair was of no particular color, and his shoulders were round. So it was only in his dreams that he was a hero, until one day, one eventful day, Miss Betty Darling, a charming lass of sixteen and a new pupil in school, was assigned to the seat in front of him.

Immediately, Bertram saw in her his true Elaine. Her curly golden hair was just the kind he had imagined his own Elaine would have. And her blue eyes—well it will suffice to say that Bertram made several poetic attempts about them, but because Bertram was no poet the poems sounded like those one finds on large, penny candy hearts—

"Your eyes are blue,
And I love you—etc."

He must speak to her, but, alas, Bertram, the great hero knight, found nothing at the end of his tongue to say. Of course, there were a great many common things, but this was to be special, it must be something flowery—beautiful.

Bertram planned, but his plans were broken, for one day when going home from school he turned a corner—a high March wind was blowing—and crashed into Miss Betty Darling, sending her books in every direction.

"Oh, I'm—I'm glad. I—I mean I'm so sorry," blurted out Bertram, hastening to gather up the scattered books.

"S'alright," said Miss Betty Darling sup-

pressing a feminine giggle at the sight of Bertram's reddened face "but, now my books are all wet, so won't you carry them home for me?"

"Ugh," gasped Bertram at this decision, just as though something had struck him very hard in the stomach. So he walked home with her, but all the beautiful things he had meant to say were gone, and all they talked about was the weather—a most unromantic topic. When they reached Miss Darling's house Bertram choked, grew very red in the face, choked again and said nothing, for Betty Darling asked him if he wouldn't like to come and call some time. She said he had been very nice about carrying her books for her. Wouldn't he please come and then and there Bertram recovered from his choking fit and murmured "Yes"—a very meek little "Yes."

There was Betty Darling's folly, for Bertram came to call the next evening and the next and the next again until she was exasperated. She wished he wouldn't come anymore. She hinted, she was away when he called but all to no end, for he only stayed the longer the next night. The barnacle was at work.

For a month or more Betty Darling endured his constant visits, and finally she arrived at the point where she hated the sight of him. A plot formulated in her head and remembering that Bertram had said that on the coming Sunday evening he was going to ask her something great, she planned to bring it into use then.

Poor unsuspecting Bertram was going to ask her something great—he was going to ask her to marry him. That was what all heroes did, and wasn't he one?

Sunday evening, true to his word, he arrived at the house and rang the door bell. His great arms dangled below his coat sleeves and the perspiration stood in cold drops above his collar. It wasn't a hot evening, but then—. The door opened and in the darkness Bertram was escorted into the living room by Miss Darling. Neither said a word. The moon-

light fell in a perfect veil of silver light upon the great piano. The grandfather clock outside in the hallway ticked slowly, steadily, loudly. It was an ideal time.

"Betty," said Bertram clasping her hand, "Betty, I-er-I love you."

A little giggle answered this and the figure beside him tried to pull its hand away.

Then Bertram, feeling very unromantic, gasped, "I say Betty would you care — to marry me?"

A long silence and then a whispered "Yes."

Bertram was apparently overcome but he did what every hero should, he clasped Miss Darling to him and kissed her. The log in the fireplace flared up. Bertram turned

Miss Darling's face towards him, then "Betty" in a horrified voice, "Your face is—your face is—" he uttered a miserable groan and snatching up his hat rushed out from the room never to return.

He had, oh horrors, the thought made him sick. He hadn't asked Betty to marry him, he had asked, oh he could still see that face, the face of Mirandy Tompkins, the daughter of his mother's colored washwoman.

Bertram, the barnacle, rushed on through the cool, night air but Bertram was a barnacle no longer. And when the next day Miss Darling sat giggling at her desk in front of him, he rudely turned his back upon her and began industriously to study his history.



The Home Coming

By RUSSELL F. DAVIS, '27

The snorting evening local, forging through the fine dry snow, was bringing Nat home for the first time in seven years.

As the swaying train came shrieking to a halt, a few of the returning, last-minute, Christmas shoppers blinked open their eyes to watch a young man stagger under his bundles to the door and out into the white-flecked darkness. Then they nodded again and were fast asleep, for Nathaniel Borrow was the only person to get off at the diminutive station of Firhill.

He was tired before he had climbed far enough up the slippery hill, for which the town was named, to see in the storm the welcome lights of the house that now was his only home.

He could remember clearly the last time he had seen this home. On a chilly night in April he had paused here to look back at the snug little Barrow place set among the New Hampshire firs, which cast sharp shadows on the grey roof. But that was long ago. He had jumped on a slow moving freight that night for the city and also for the war. He had gone across and after finally getting to the front, fought without a scratch for three

weeks. The last he remembered about the trenches was matching pennies with a co-private in a dugout. Not unnaturally his mind was a blank concerning the screaming, snarling shell that came and sat down beside him. The next he recollected he was looking up into the eyes of a pretty French nurse in a white and silent room that smelled of anti-septics.

After the war he had moved to Kansas city with his French wife, but the war had marked her, too, for at the end of a short, sad year his pretty little nurse was laid away in American soil.

So it had been with some relief that Nat accepted an invitation that begged him to come and spend a "quiet peaceful Christmas at home."

Now as he neared the Barrow place, a white dent in the black firs, he was again just a college boy home for the holidays, although he had a few more wrinkles of grief and exhaustion than one commonly sees on the face of a college youth. Forgotten were the last seven years of strife and disappointment.

As he neared the little house he could hear the strains of a familiar Christmas carol. He quietly deposited his parcels on the porch and walked around to the bay window to look in. He wanted to be prepared for any changes in his home. He noted with a shock that both his mother's and good—Lordy, who was standing there singing with his brother, Herb? Why, of course he should know Lydia Stone, but somehow during his absence he'd forgotten the little girl that lived over the hill—the little girl whose hair he used to pull, and also whose books he used to carry home from school. She, too, he saw, had grown up, yet not as much as he. She was still a young girl, although twenty-three, while he—heavens, he was only twenty-four, but strangely much older.

He noticed that his brother Herbert, younger by two years, seemed particularly attentive to Lydia. For a moment he wished a little wish that things had been different, that he had been in his brother's place and stayed here at home—with Lydia.

He shook himself, walked around the corner and, grabbing his bundles, stamped up the front steps onto the porch.

"Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," ceased suddenly, and Herbert opened the door, turned on the light, and peered out.

"Oh, I say," feigned Nat, "does a family by the name of Bar—"

"Come in, you old saw horse and dust off!" shouted Herb. "It's Natty, folks." He ran out and seized his brother's burdens. "We didn't 'spect you till the late train," he apologized.

"Why, hello kid," said the big brother, after waiting for an opening.

He embraced his mother silently, understandingly, and responded heartily to his father's "Hello son."

Then his mother said, "Here, Nat, you missed somebody. We've had an addition to our family since you went away. You haven't forgotten Lydia have you?"

"You bet I haven't," Nat replied, and, half smiling, yet with a degree of seriousness, shook hands with her. Later his father explained that Lydia was an orphan, having lost her

father across; so they had taken her in as one of the family.

After a late and hilarious Christmas Eve supper, Nat remarked that he must "repair to the wrapping room," and went upstairs.

After a little pause Herbert said, "Gosh, isn't he great?"

And his father said, "Yes, I'm proud that he's my son. It's worth living for."

Mrs. Barrows was in the kitchen so she said nothing. Lydia, whose eyes were shining and whose face was flushed, also said nothing. Herbert glanced at her and frowned. Still disturbed he got up from the table reluctantly and remarked, "I've got to go down to the village and be the Santa Claus at the Sunday school entertainment."

Long after the sound of Herb's car had died out and left a Christmas Eve stillness over the steadily whitening hillside, Nat came down softly and stepped into the living room which was lighted only by the little glowing bulbs on the tree, making the silver string around the gifts glitter as he placed them carefully among the fir branches.

His face was glowing like hot coals. The old wrinkles, made by the war and the death of his wife were smoothed out miraculously, and he was humming to himself some half-forgotten little Christmas song. So happily occupied was he that he hardly heard the faint crackling in the kitchen where his mother and father were boisterously popping corn and he did not realize that Lydia was sitting on the divan smiling happily at him, until she said, "I've caught you, Nat, looking at your presents before time."

He turned guiltily. "Didn't know you were there," he laughed, sitting down beside her. "Have you hung your stocking yet?"

She smiled, "Oh, Nat, it makes me feel young, having you here and all." Then seriously, "You know tonight is the first time I've wished I was a little girl again."

"With me stuffing waste paper down your neck at school?" he finished gayly. "I think I'd like to be young, too, but everything has changed."

She sighed, "But you know we aren't old and feeble yet. And have I changed?"

"No, Lyd, but I have," he returned sadly.

"No, you haven't Nat," said Lydia. "You're just the same in my eyes as that night you said goodbye to me long ago."

"Yes, but—"

"Yes, but what?" she countered.

"Yes, but here comes Herb," he ended.

"Oh, what do I care for Herbert? Can't you see I want us to be just the same as when you went away?"

"Do you?" he cried losing control for the moment and revealing his real feeling.

But she fled to the kitchen, for Herbert was coming up the front steps.

The brothers were soon sent off to bed by their mother who begged them to give Santa a chance to visit.

Long after the rest of the family had gone to bed, Nat lay staring at the white window pane, wide-eyed and nervous. Finally he could stand it no longer, so got up, went across the hall, and peered into his brother's dark bedroom. "Lucky dog," he murmured at the bed, louder than he intended.

"Yes, you are," returned a voice. It was then that Nat saw his younger brother perched on the edge of the bed, elbows on his knees.

"Aw, don't worry, kid," Nat comforted, "she'll forget me again as soon as I'm gone. I didn't come home to break up a perfectly good romance, you know." Nevertheless it was two hours later that the two turned in for good. Herb slept soundly, but Nat saw the paling in the east before he breathed easily.

The next day passed rapidly, the three younger people acting like eight-year old

children, much to the delight of the happy couple with silvery hair.

"Oh lookit, kids, what pop gave me!" Nat would cry.

"Oh that's nothing. He gave me one, too, only it's the best one," Lydia would boast. But she could not seem to find a chance to see Nat alone. He evidently tried to avoid her; so she understood that he had not meant what he last said the night before and she was somewhat disappointed.

The merriment went on for a week, until finally Nat announced that he must leave on the evening train. "Business," he lied, "calls me."

So a little soberly they said goodbye to him, and he went down over the moon glistening crust to the railroad station to go he knew not where.

But once he stopped and looked back, just as he had done that night seven years ago, and saw the little white house, no longer his home, among the firs which cast heavy shadows on the roof.

He thought of Lydia and Herbert and smiled sadly.

"Oh," he swallowed, "the lucky guy."

Again he turned and started back a few steps, but with a squaring of his shoulders, turned and ran toward the station, his panting breath whistling through set teeth.

As Nat boarded the train the conductor who thought he knew him asked pleasantly, "Have a good time?"

"Wonderful," sighed Nat Farrow, but he realized he could never come back again.



Flowers

By MARJORIE DAVIS, '30

I wish the flowers that come and go
In the spring-time and the fall,
Would stay a long, long time; you know
They do not last at all.

If I had my wish about this thing,
When we are cold and blue,
I would wish the flowers, every one,
To stay the whole year through.

Spring

By BARBARA CHILDS, '29

Yesterday the whole wide world
Was cold, and gray, and bare,
The frost did nip and biting winds
Were howling everywhere.

But oh! today! the air is bright.
I hear a bluebird sing.
The flowers bud; and all is gay
For this, ah this is Spring!

Peggy Writes of India

By BARBARA CHILDS, '29

Dear Mother and Dad:

At last your daughter is having adventures! Two amusing things happened lately of which I shall tell you.

Once a year in Nuwara Eliza (the beauty spot of the East) tennis championships are held. I went with Uncle Bob and Aunt Muriel. The night before the tournament there was a dance at the Grand Hotel. Afterwards we missed Uncle Bob. After looking around awhile, we found him with a group, listening to a fellow playing divinely on the piano. There were no introductions; so I took the fellow for some young planter out here, and I said, "For goodness sake, why don't you chuck planting and go on the stage? You'd make pots of money, and you do play heavenly." He and Bob laughed and he murmured something about that his governor mightn't like it. I said, "The dickens with your governor. If I could play like that I'd make use of it, you bet!" Still they laughed; so I asked him his name, and he said, "Oh call me Peter!" When he had left, who do you suppose I found he was? PRINCE LOUIS PHILIPPE DE BOURBON! He is a nephew of the King of Belgian, traveling around the world for pleasure. He is worth millions and is journeying incognito for sport. His mother and he are now on their way to America under the name of Mr. Peter Kosh de Gooreund, and Mrs. Kosh de Gooreund. If you see anything about them in the papers you will know that your little Peggy called him Peter and told him he was a fool not to go on the stage.

That's adventure No. One, and now here's another.

You know Ceylon belongs to England, and the King in all his possessions has a representative known as "His Excellency the Governor." The Ceylon Governor is Sir Hugh Clifford, and he is treated as a king. When he comes into a room, everyone stands up, including ladies, and remains standing until he sits down. I'm telling you all this so that you will realize the position I was in.

None of this did I know as I had never seen the Governor.

On Monday, when the tennis matches started, we were all watching, and on one court a particularly good match was going on. Unable to find a vacant seat I stopped behind a bench where only one man was sitting and I said to Bob, "Let's sit on the grass." He said, "No, Peg, the grass is damp." The elderly gentleman in front turned around and said, "Do sit on this bench with me!" "Oh thanks!" I answered, and sat down. We started chatting gaily and were getting on splendidly when I beckoned Bob to sit down, but he shook his head. Then I noticed some bystanders looking at me sort of amusedly, and I didn't know what it was all about.

However, when I did leave, Bob told me that it was Sir Clifford, the Governor, and a great honor had been done me. Of course I felt like two cents, and wondered what on earth I should do the next time I saw him. The next day when he saw me, he beckoned me to his private chairs where red carpets were laid on the grass and invited me to sit down. He sat first, which made my American blood boil, although it is quite correct.

Now don't you agree that I'm having a perfectly splendid time? And adventures! Whew!

If you read of an American girl saying, "Bah jove! Georgie" to King George, you may know it was

Your loving,

Peggy.

Dear Mother and Dad:

You might think that the climate here in Ceylon would be insufferably hot as it is so near the equator, but just now the weather is delightful for we are in the North West Monsoon. Instead of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, the seasons here are the South West Monsoon, which is the worst time of the year, for from June until Novem-

ber, we have rain, rain, and more rain, day and night, incessantly. Then comes the North West Monsoon with occasional showers. Then from December till June come blazing hot sunshine, and there is never a drop of rain, although one longs for it again.

This is a treacherous climate. Water and milk have to be boiled and filtered. One can't eat salads, and we send a servant thirty miles twice a week for our beef, fish, and butter.

I'll tell you about the servants. We have a "Boy," who is cook, and a "Podian," who serves tea, tends the bell, and waits at table. Also there is a house coolie who cleans, a kitchen coolie who is "Boy's" slave, and the garden coolie. Then there is the tappal coolie who brings the mail. No one will do one bit of the other's work. It's all caste. The beef coolie is the lowest. He has no caste at all or he wouldn't carry Christian's meat.

We go about in "trailers" that look like invalid chairs. One coolie pushes and one pulls. They run like rickshaw men for miles,

and go up amazing hills at good speed. Imagine American servants running two miles for two cents. This is how we look:



Uncle Bob brought two unexpected guests home yesterday, and the beef box was nearly empty. It didn't worry Aunt Muriel, for her cook is wonderful. She told him there were guests, and this is the menu he served: thick spinach soup with chopped bacon and onions to go into it; fish and cheese omelette; small patties of chopped beef with parsley butter on top; chicken; canned corn, and fruit salad. It was all delicious. Don't you envy

Your loving,

Peggy.



Neptune and the Storm

(Translation from Virgil's "Aeneid")

By PEARL E. NANSCAWEN, '27

The Trojan ships were pulsing on their way,
With steady oars and sails stretched to the breeze,
When of a sudden, lo, there came a blast
Of wind that struck like fire into the seas,
And smote the ships and whirled them hard about,
And sent them staggering, still beneath the blow,
Like drunken frenzied things that had no will
But went where e'er the ocean bade them go.
The sea seemed cast up to the very clouds
That trailed their dripping fingers o'er its crest,
While all the time, full many fathoms deep,
Where ocean lies, untossed by storm, at rest,
The ruler, Neptune, reigned and to his ears
There came the mutt'ring sound of thrashing waves,
That run with tumult from the fevered wind,
That rushes by and in its rushing raves.
He sees the waters 'round about sucked up,
And sensing that his kingdom needs his aid,
He straightway makes his way where waters end,
And streaks of white adorn the darker jade.
He looks about, with undisturbed gaze,
Forth o'er the water strewn around
With all the fleet belonging to Æneas,
That conquered fell, 'ere sought for lands were found,
By cruel waves and ruin of the sky.
Forthwith he bade the winds from south and west
To bear forth his command that all the storm
Should quick depart and leave the sea to rest,
And quiet calm disturbed by nought than tides.

Robin Red Breast and the Rose

By PEARL E. NANSCAWEN, '27

"Come and we shall flee together,"
Said the robin to the rose,
"To a land where no one's watching,
To a place that no one knows.
Where the sun is always shining,
And the clouds of rain pass by
Just about the time we're pining
For the raindrops of the sky."

"That I cannot," said the flower,
"For I have not wings like you,
Cannot soar where forests tower,
Cannot bathe my feet in dew.
And besides I think it truly
That we've each a place to fill,
I with fragrance in the valley,
You with carols from the hill."

And the robin swelled his red breast,
As he looked upon the rose,
Chirped a friendly little answer,
Spun about upon his toes;
Raised his wings toward the heavens,
And was gone into the sky.
"I'm a wiser, wiser robin,"
Was his last farewell and cry.

Spring Housecleaning

By RUTH HARRIS, '29

Mrs. Merton was in the midst of spring housecleaning when the doorbell rang for the fourth time that morning. She was perched on top of an ancient stepladder taking down the living-room curtain, and the three previous salesmen who had called had not put her in a favorable mood for receiving a fourth. She was tired anyway; tired and cross, and out of sorts with the world in general. The doorbell rang a second time, its shrill br-rr-rrr shaking her overwrought nerves like a few pebbles in a milk bottle. However, it was not until the last curtain was down that she clambered off the ladder to answer the bell's inopportune summons. As she passed through the hall, she glanced with a subconscious movement at the mirror that hung there, absently pushing back several stray locks into place beneath her dust cap. The tired wrinkles around her eyes, and the few grey strands in her hair which she noticed critically in that same moment, made her feel older and crosser and more tired than ever, as has been the way of women since the days of Eve.

The door opened sharply beneath her hand, and observing only that the man standing on the porch had a salesman like appearing bag in his hand, she snapped irritably, "I don't want anything!" and closed the door in his face. She would have slammed it only it stuck—for very spite, it seemed to her tired mind—and feeling it necessary to vent her feelings on something even if it were only the door, she jerked it open again intending to shut it with an emphatic bang. Happening to glance up while doing so, she encountered face to face not a salesman, but Doctor Manning, who appeared to be immensely amused. "Oh" gasped Mrs. Merton in some confusion at this unexpected turn of affairs, and she opened the door wider to admit the doctor's portly form into the house, half expecting a scolding from him as she did so. It would not have been the first time, had he lived up to her expectations in this respect, for she had known him from childhood and had received more than one reprimand for various wrong-doings. Once indeed,

when she was about seven and when her mother had been sick, she had balked so stubbornly at the castor oil he had prescribed for her, that he had taken matters into his own hands and administered a spanking, after which she had meekly taken the oil and incidentally developed an awe of him which she had never completely outgrown. He said nothing now, however, only laughed at her evident embarrassment, until he had calmed down enough to disclose his errand there. His wife had sent him over for a marmalade recipe of Mrs. Merton's and that good woman, relieved that the doctor had not mentioned the door episode, hurried into the kitchen to procure it.

The doctor himself, stood in the hall after she had gone (it was one of his eccentricities that he preferred standing to sitting, claiming that it gave him a decided advantage over another person in an argument if he were standing especially if that other person were sitting) stroking his chin meditatively with a preoccupied expression on his face. His thoughts must have been far away, for he started violently at the sound of something falling in the kitchen and ejaculated, "What in the name of all the saints!" before he went to find the cause of the commotion.

The living room curtains were on the floor. That was the first thing Mrs. Merton noticed and she wondered vaguely what they were doing there, and why she felt so dizzy. She was lying down on the davenport, and unaccustomed to such a position in the daytime, she sat up wearily from pure force of habit. The next moment the doctor appeared in the door with a small glass in his hand. "Drink this," he admonished her, and obediently she took the glass and swallowed its contents while he stood opposite, watching her in a professional manner. Suddenly like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, he popped a question. "When," he demanded sternly, "did you have a vacation last?"

"What?" gasped Mrs. Merton blankly.

"Just that," he repeated. "When did you have a vacation last?"

"Why last summer when I went with the family to the beach, of course," she replied.

"Bah!" he said. "That was a vacation for the rest of them but not for you. I mean a real vacation with no family tagging along after."

"Why—" she said, and stopped.

"I thought so," said the doctor. "Well you're going to take one now."

"But I can't," remonstrated Mrs. Merton.

"You can," he said. "And what's more, you will!"

"But spring house clea—" she began, protesting rather weakly now, because she knew from past experiences that be it castor oil or vacations, he usually won out.

It was several hours later, when she was settled in the train on the way to this first real vacation in eighteen years that she had time to collect her thoughts, and to wonder what the family would think. What on earth would John do? And Phyllis? And the thought of the latter person was singularly full of trouble. Poor Phyllis. Mrs. Merton glanced down at the trig little suit she was wearing, which had already made her feel at least five years younger, for the wearing of nice clothes is a balm that has power to heal most of the aches of a feminine heart. She had had really nothing to wear herself but she would never have dared to wear Phyllis's clothes, had not that amazing doctor cheerfully raided her daughter's closet and triumphantly produced the tan suit that was the joy of Phyllis's heart, meanwhile exclaiming that it was fortunate she was small enough to wear a size sixteen. So, since it was the doctor, what could she do, but protest and don the tan suit? He had packed her suit case with Phyllis's things and sent her off on the train with the assurance that he would beg, borrow, or steal the money from her husband to foot the bill for the vacation which was to be one glorious spree and if necessary to include bobbed hair. Here Mrs. Merton gave it up and fell asleep.

"Mother!" shrilled Phyllis, "Mother-r-r! Where are you?"

"That's what I'd like to know," cut in her younger brother who heretofore had had his mouth too full of bread and jelly to say anything. "I can't find her anywhere."

"You don't know how to look, anyway!" retorted his sister witheringly. "She's probably in her room."

"She ain't though," returned Tom, unabashed. But his sister had gone upstairs, and there he followed her. The search was fruitless, however, in Mrs. Merton's room, and Tom jeered triumphantly, "What did I tell you?" But again Phyl had vanished, this time into her own room. Her brother grinned a jellyish grin at her from the door. "It looks as though she'd run away," he remarked, half serious, half laughing. "Most of your things are gone."

His sister stared at him. "Mother run away," she exclaimed. "Don't be foolish! She's never done such a thing."

"Well," Tom shrugged his shoulders, "She probably hasn't now. Dad'll know, anyway."

And Dad did. The doctor had seen to that. "Your mother," he informed the two rather frightened young people who met him at the door that night, "has gone away for a vacation. She was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and that's what Dr. Manning prescribed for her."

Phyl dropped into a chair. "A vacation!" she gasped. "But she always goes to the beach with us."

"Sure," said Tom with infinite scorn. "And she always does the same at the beach as she does at home — work all day long."

Mr. Merton sighed. "I'll tell you more after dinner," he said. "At present I'm starved!" And he looked at Phyllis. Likewise did Tom.

"Dinner!" that young person exclaimed. "All I can make is—fudge! Mother's always gotten the meals!" And that was the first of a long string of "Mother's always done it."

It was the truth. Mrs. Merton had pampered her family. And now that she was gone they felt it. But they were far from being selfish. At this crisis they rallied and tried their best to teach themselves to do what she had always done for them. But

it was hard. Phyl learned to cook, and Tom was enlisted as chief bottle-washer and bed-maker. Mr. Merton got his own breakfast, an unprecedented thing in his married life, and if the elaborate concoctions his daughter attempted to serve during the first week of her reign in the kitchen were not entirely palatable, he said nothing. And later, when she had settled down to easier things in the

culinary art, he was content if the spinach was gritty and the steak burned. But great was the relief of all, when after six weeks Mrs. Merton came home again, cheerful and capable once more, but with two resolutions firmly lodged in her mind. First, that she would take a vacation each year—and second, that she would begin the long delayed housecleaning at once.



A Well-Known Friend

By DORIS MURTFELDT, '27

I can remember when I was brand new without the many scratches and blemishes which decorate me now. My mistress declares that I am a pioneer at Needham High School, and certainly no one would wish to dispute her word. Often I am thin and light, but usually the week following the distribution of rank cards I become much heavier. The unnecessary and useless paper I am forced to carry about is truly shameful.

For three years I have withstood New England weather and rough usage. I am subject to every whim of my owner so that frequently I am thrown to the floor with a thud when she is angry or with a lighter drop when she is happy. I have served as a seat, but more often I humbly lie at my mistress' feet.

Many a football game have I attended, and many a time have I remained on the bleachers while my would-be basketball player "went-out" for the game. Or else I've watched a game and heard interesting discussions on the differences between boys' and girls' rules. I have been cast into a corner while milady rehearsed for the Gym meets, the Gross Benefit or some other special occasion. I have been dropped in the corridor, left alone, roughly reclaimed and then gone to the lunch-room to remain with others of my class. But, oh, those stairs! Up and down, down and up with my human elevator. No wonder I have fulfilled my guarantee of durability. I've had to!

There are many companions with me in my hard working misery. What! I have not told you who I am? It is not hard to guess, is it? Of course, I am A. Briefcase.

The Seagull

By PEARL E. NANSCAWEN, '27

He sweeps with snowy pinions
Into the cold, grey sea,
And hides himself beneath the foam,
The wind flings wide and free.

He flies about in circles,
Up where the clouds hang high,
With silent wings descending,
As mist falls from the sky.

He stalks along the beaches,
Where tide washed sands are traced,
And seeks his food—a scavenger—
Where once the waters raced.

He rests only at night time;
He loves the early dawn,
The muddy flats and low sandbars
When tides are outward borne.

The storms of summer phase him not;
He loves the wind and rain.
They are to him as friends to us;
They seldom cause him pain.

The rose tints of the morning,
The orange of the night
Behold him in his beauty,
His wings outspread in flight.

He is a mighty toiler,
This bird of sea and land,
Who leaves to us his footprints
Along the glistening sand.

Who leaves for us a memory
Of pleasant days gone by,
When summer sun rose slowly
And sank in summer sky.

The Results of Mince Pie

By ELIZABETH MITCHELL, '28

"But Mother," querulously exclaimed a ten-year-old blue-eyed freckled boy, "what difference does it make whether I have mince pie for lunch or for supper? It tastes the same both times. Why I've eaten it just loads of times and I've never been sick. Won't you give me just one piece?"

"Very well, Jerry, just one little piece. Now do be quiet and stop teasing for anything more to eat, as you surely will be sick," complied an easy-going mother who was complacently eating her supper.

"Oh, Gee! Mother, you're a peacherino. Don't make the piece too small though, will ya? 'Cause ya know I have to eat 'n awful lot so that I'll get big muscles and bones 'cause I'm going to be a detective just like the one whose picture is on the magazine 'n 'other room," urged the greatly delighted Jerry.

His mother smiled sweetly but said nothing as she wanted to get into no further arguments concerning the food her small son should eat.

"Now can I go out an' play ball with the fellers? They're all waiting for me, ya know," soon demanded Jerry after a few minutes spent in swallowing the much-desired pie.

"You may go out for exactly an hour, but then you must come in and go to bed, because we expect to go away tomorrow," again quietly agreed his mother.

Jerry Martin ran noisily out of the room, banged the screen door, and bounded across the lawn to meet his playfellows who eagerly awaited his arrival as he owned all the baseball equipment including bat, gloves, and ball.

Jerry Martin lived with his parents in an attractive house in a small New England town. There was little excitement in the town except that provided by the occupants, but as the people were very neighborly they were never at a loss for amusement. Jerry was a splendid example of this trait, because he was forever on the go, either in his imagination or in reality.

His imagination was always very active.

Sometimes he was back in ancient Greece or Rome with his favorite heroes, or perhaps in Merry England with one of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. Although Jerry's flights were frequent and varied, the customary one was a picture of himself, the most renowned detective in the world defeating a gang of villainous bandits.

Several hours after his swift entrance to the baseball diamond, a very wide-awake Jerry was tossing about on his bed, bemoaning the fact that he had ever desired even a small piece of mince pie. He was just about ready to call his mother and have her come to sympathize with him in his agony, when he heard a step.

"Oh, Gee!" he thought, changing his mind about any sympathy, "Mother has heard me moving about. She knows the mince pie has made me sick; so she'll bring me a great big dose of castor oil. I'm going to pretend I'm asleep so that she won't try to give me any of the awful stuff."

Jerry, having completed this brilliant thought in his mind, snuggled back into the blankets. At any moment he expected to hear the door open and the sounds of his mother's footsteps in the room. All was silent. Finally his curiosity became aroused, and he sat up in his bed with a start. The pains he had previously endured from the mince pie had all disappeared. He couldn't understand why his mother didn't come into his room, for surely he had heard a step in the hall.

Gradually a peculiar feeling came over Jerry that something was wrong. Who had made that sound? He was going to find out. If some day he was going to be a great detective, he must get into practice.

Jerry's first thought was of burglars. He cautiously stepped to the floor, making very little noise. He started for the door but hesitated, turned, and walked toward the open window, cogitating deeply how he could catch the burglar. After a few moments he turned quickly with a faint whistle of joy,

to give her parents luxuries, hitherto unknown.

The thought of dancing brought Mary back to the present with a start. Only that day, sitting by herself in the assembly hall, she had watched the dress rehearsal of the annual school play. One girl, Jane Sawyer, had done an interpretive solo dance, rather difficult, and not very well executed. Mary, watching her, had recorded the steps in her mind and had thought that she would try them out at home.

Mary was again mentally reviewing the steps when she reached her shanty. However, the thought of dancing was driven out of her mind by the sight of the unswept house and the stack of dirty dishes in the kitchen.

When she had set things to rights she did her studying, got supper, washed dishes, and put the younger children to bed. All this time her heart ached with the drudgery of it and with the remembrance of her classmates' scornful treatment. She could not get used to being treated as an outsider—she who had been considered quite the smartest and most popular girl in her Russian home town.

But, after all her work was done, and she went to her room, a portion of her blithe spirit returned as she began to dance the dance she had seen Jane Sawyer do. As her heart got more and more into it she began to sway gently like a breeze and then rollicked across the floor like a frolicsome wind.

When she finally finished she thought with a sigh, "If I could only dance in the play tomorrow night, maybe the girls would notice me and not laugh at me any more."

Putting aside this thought as impossible she went to bed and slept a restless sleep.

The next night Mary and her mother and father went to the school play. No one smiled and talked to them as they did to other people. They were treated as outsiders—just mere objects, as insignificant as flies on the wall.

The buzz of conversation kept on for a long

time—past eight o'clock, the time the play was scheduled to begin—past eight-fifteen—past eight-thirty.

Then the school principal came on to the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I greatly regret to announce that one of our most important performers, Miss Jane Sawyer, is forced, because of an accident, to be absent tonight. As there is no one to take her place the play will have to go on without her. We hope, however, that the absence of her dance will not detract from your enjoyment of the play."

Then Mary felt an inner urge push her out of her seat and up the aisle to the principal. "P-p-please, sir, I-I-I can do Jane's d-d-dance," she stammered.

"You can?" said the principal, a look of incredulity upon his face.

"Yes, sir. Oh please let me try," Mary begged.

"All right. Get back there and into her costume, quick!" commanded the principal.

Mary went back stage and put on Jane's costume with hands trembling with eagerness. The time came for her to go onto the stage. A strange nervousness possessed her. Would they hoot at her? Laugh at her because they knew her only as the girl who spoke bad English, had a run in her stocking, and couldn't keep her hair confined by hairpins?

She reached the stage. Strains of violin music floated up to her. Her nervousness had vanished. She was not in a cruel America. She was in fairyland. She was dancing divinely. She had never danced so before. Never!

Then the music stopped. The audience was hushed. A wild fear possessed the girl. Hadn't they liked her dance? Hadn't they?

But they had. The audience was no longer breathless. The people were clapping with all their might and main.

"Mary! Mary!" the boys and girls cried.

"Mary! Mary!" their elders shouted.

And Mary knew she had earned her place.

After Many Years

By MILDRED H. PACKARD, '27

Forty-seven years had wrought great changes in the little town of Hassberg. Every animate and inanimate thing seemed to belong to a new age except old Mrs. Cran, who clung to her past life as a last leaf will sometimes cling to a tree during a stormy and tempestuous winter. Time and worry had traced deep lines in her sallow face. Her once fine black hair had turned to a sickly yellowish gray, and her fierce dark eyes almost seemed to indicate insanity as they sparkled in the varying light. For days she sat in her wheel chair, staring stupidly into space or mumbling to herself in a low monotone. "I drove eleven horses down the Allegheny Mountains. I drove eleven horses down the Allegheny Mountains."

Many years ago in a little village in California there was a crude shanty, made of rough logs loosely put together. The windows were covered with skins and old papers. Inside, five children were snatching eagerly a small bowl of corn mush. The mother was sewing by the dim light of the fire. Four months ago—how well she remembered the incident—her husband had rushed into the room, pale and excited; he had grabbed his pistols and disappeared into the darkness crying, "The Indians are stealing our horses and supplies." The door banged. She had heard no more from him or from the fifteen villagers who had pursued the savages that night.

Starvation faced her. She had had no food for three days in order that her children might eat, and she groaned as she saw them so happy, unconcernedly playing games by the fire.

Hark! There was a knock at the door. Her heart beat loudly. The children stopped playing and looked at one another. The mother slowly and cautiously opened the

door, saying in a hoarse whisper, "Who's there?"

A gruff voice answered, "A traveler who begs food and lodging for the night."

Her spirit fell and she replied wearily, "There is no food left. If you will go to the store and buy some meal, I will cook your supper and let you stay here tonight." Soon the stranger returned with a small supply of food. There was a heavy and depressing silence which dampened any possible conversation. All went to bed early. The children cried, and the dog barked pitifully.

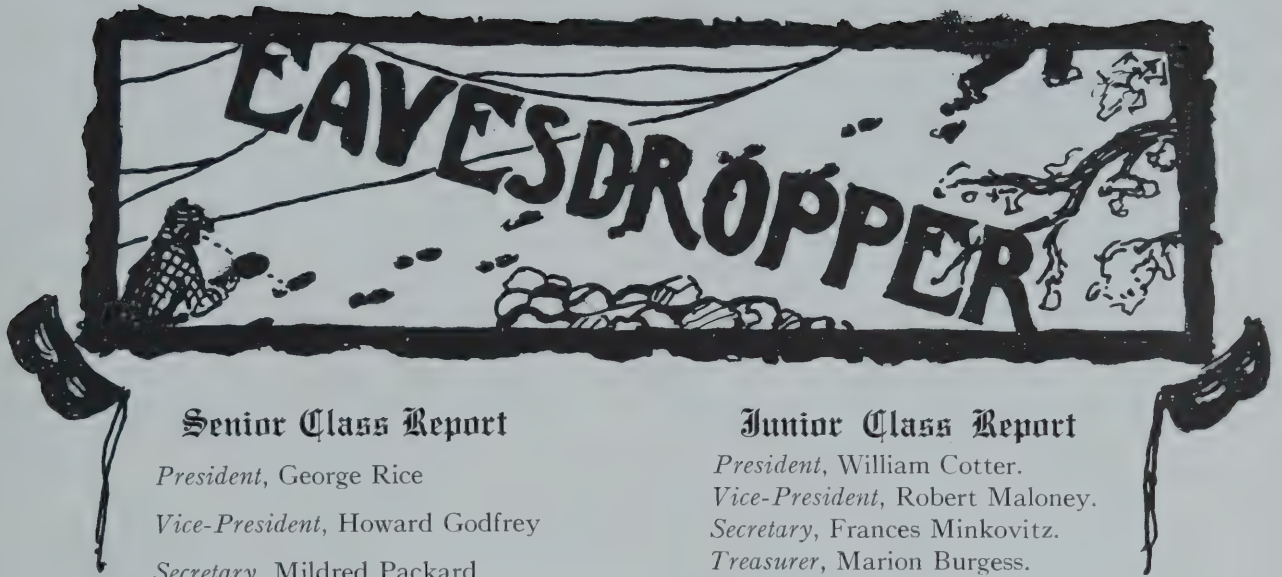
Never did the sun rise more beautifully than it did the next morning. To the poor woman it was another day of misery. While the stranger slept heavily, she moved quietly around to prepare his breakfast. At last he rose, leisurely ate his breakfast, and prepared to leave. Having thanked her, he turned slowly down the path. As if by after thought he turned again and called back, "Can you tell me where Elizabeth Cran lives?"

"Bill" she cried, overcome by the sudden recognition of her brother.

"My sister, I have come to bring you home."

The sun dazzled her with its brilliance. She hastened to wake the children. Home after all these years. California and her gold meant nothing. All the hardships of the journey ahead, the long stretches of woods and plains and driving horses down the steep, hazardous Allegheny Mountains were forgotten in her eager desire for home.

That was forty-nine years ago. The children had grown up and moved away. Now in her dying days an irresistible longing came to her to return to the West, not the West which had used her so badly but to the West which her husband's ambitions and hers had glorified.



Senior Class Report

President, George Rice

Vice-President, Howard Godfrey

Secretary, Mildred Packard

Treasurer, Harold Vincent

At the first meeting of the senior class, the above-mentioned officers were elected and Miss Sawyer and Miss Harrington were chosen as the faculty advisers. These advisers have given much assistance which has been greatly appreciated.

The Senior Prom was held in the High School, Friday, February 18, 1927. The hall was prettily decorated in pink and gray. The orchestra was fine and all reported an enjoyable evening. Ruth Thomas, Madeline Pease, Mary Marshall, Francis Coburn, and Fletcher Murray were the very capable committee in charge of this affair. Mrs. G. E. Coburn, Mrs. F. L. Marshall, Mrs. R. P. Williams, Miss Sawyer, and Miss Harrington kindly consented to serve as patronesses.

Miss Mary Ford, Helen Crawley, Anastasia Coughlin, Russell Davis, and Francis Coburn were chosen as the committee to select a photographer.

The Senior Play Committee, consisting of Louise Schirmer, Pearl Nanscawen, Arthur Oakman, Robert Wright, and Doris Blackman, voted to have "The Goose Hangs High" for the annual Senior Class Play.

Respectfully submitted,

MILDRED PACKARD, *Secretary.*

Junior Class Report

President, William Cotter.

Vice-President, Robert Maloney.

Secretary, Frances Minkovitz.

Treasurer, Marion Burgess.

At the first meeting of the Junior class the officers were elected and Miss Currie and Mr. Benton were chosen as class advisers.

The junior class was well represented in athletics, both by the girls and the boys. The Junior girls won the basketball banner, thus holding the honor for three years.

In December the following Junior Prom Committee was elected: Miss Day, chairman; Miss Adams, Miss Rideout, Mr. Wragg Mr. Bartlett, and Mr. Maloney. The Prom was held on April 29, and the music was furnished by Morey-Pearl Orchestra. By the efficient management of the committee the Prom was a success.

The third meeting of the class was to settle **The Advocate** Board question. The result of this meeting was that a nominating committee of: Miss Stack, Miss Tucker, Miss Woodruff, Mr. Gross, and Mr. Hogan was elected. The committee decided to have the members of the Junior class volunteer for whatever place on the board they preferred. This plan was successful and an efficient group was elected.

The death of Mr. Peters in February and of Miss Fraser a few months later was a great sorrow to everyone.

At the last meeting of the Junior class it was agreed upon to take five dollars from the treasury, and enter an advertisement in **The Advocate**.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANCES MINKOVITZ.

Sophomore Class Report

President, Alvin Ryan
Vice-President, Ruth Allen
Secretary, Elinor Glidden
Treasurer, Karl Flint

The first meeting of the Sophomore class, in April, was called to nominate a committee for the Sophomore dance. Those chosen were: Karl Flint, *Chairman*, Herbert Woods, Helen Hammersley, Marion Wagner, Marie Whelan, Ruth Allen.

The next meeting was called to discuss the amount of money to be given **The Advocate** to express the compliments of the Sophomore class. Following a short discussion it was voted to give two dollars and a half.

It was at first decided to have the dance Friday, May 13th, but owing to unfortunate circumstances the dance was held May 27th.

Respectfully submitted,
 ELINOR GLIDDEN, *Secretary*.

Freshman Class Report

At the first meeting of the Freshman class the following officers were elected:

President, Robert Wood.
Vice-President, Francis Donahue.
Treasurer, Wilhelmina Hutchins.
Secretary, Winnifred Bliss.

The student council gave a dance in honor of the freshmen which was a success.

The class colors were voted to be purple and silver.

The freshman class has been well represented in athletics, Clifford Bryant, Clifford Berger, Roger Bryer, and Thomas Sparks being on the football team. The freshman girls did very well in the Gym meet.

WINNIFRED BLISS, *Secretary*.

Caesar is my enemy, no other shall I want.
 He maketh me to study in great agony.
 He leadeth me through long chapters of Latin.
 He restoreth my pain. He guideth me in the
 paths of his battles, for his greed's sake. Yea,
 though I walk through the valley of ease
 and enjoyment still he is with me. His sword
 and his javelin they haunt me. He prepareth

a camp before me in the presence of his enemies. He turneth my head with wars, my feelings runneth over. Surely, misery and discomfort shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of unhappiness till Caesar is forgotten forever.

MAYBELLE E. FALL, '27.

Senior Play

The Class of 1927 of Needham High School presented a modern play, "The Goose Hangs High" by Lewis Beach, on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 13 and 14.

The members of the cast were:

Bernard Ingals, the father. . . Arthur Birkett
 Eunice Ingals, the mother . . . Mildred Packard
 Noel Derby Francis Coburn
 Leo Day Daniel Sullivan
 Rhoda, the maid Emily Kimball
 Julia Murdock, the aunt. . . Louise Schirmer
 Mrs. Bradley, the grandmother. Elinor Mason
 Hugh Ingals, oldest son . . . George Rice
 Ronald Murdock, son of Julia Murdock

William Ludlow

Lois Ingals } The { Madeleine Pease
 Bradley Ingals } twins { Leonard Morrison
 Dagmar Carrol, Hugh's fiancée

Virginia Richwagen
 Elliott Kimberly . . . Raymond Chambers

Mr. and Mrs. Ingals, the father and mother of a family, tried very hard to give their children a college education. The twins were at college at the opening of the play. They returned home for the Christmas holidays. Mr. Ingals resigned his position, which act was influenced by Elliott Kimberly, a selfish man, who disliked Mr. Ingals. Mrs. Bradley, who hated the modern manners, refused to help the family because she felt that the twins were much too extravagant. She told the twins that they could not return to college. Hugh gave his father some money to help him through his difficulty. Mr. Ingals would not accept this kindness. Lois and Bradley, in order that they might not be of any more expense to their parents, refused to return to college. They finally persuaded Mrs. Bradley that it was best for her to enter a partnership with Mr. Noel Derby in the nursery business and to hire Mr. Ingals to

manage her share of the work. Mr. Ingals was very much interested in this sort of work. Mrs. Bradley was to be a silent partner. The twins, having found a way for their father to enter the business he liked best, went to work and studied in their spare time.

Everyone in the cast played his part very well. The play seemed very realistic and was enjoyed by all.

GERTRUDE ALICE ANTHONY, '28.

The First Annual Concert

On April 1st, Needham High presented its first annual concert, the girls' glee club, orchestra, mandolin and banjo club besides several duets and piano solos taking part under the leadership of Miss Georgiana Taylor.

At eight o'clock, the orchestra started the program with two pieces, the banjo and mandolin club following. Arthur Birkett, '27, played exceptionally well two piano solos. Duets came next being comprised of a violin and 'cello. This comprised Part I.

After an intermission, Part II was introduced by the mandolin and banjo club, followed by a reading by Roberta Gray, '30. The Girls' Glee Club next sang a cantata entitled "The Swallow." The solo parts were taken by Anna Hickey, '28, and Pauline Stanley, '29, both of whom have remarkable voices.

Before leaving "America" was sung by the audience, who enjoyed the program immensely. The orchestra having begun the program ended it. Next year we hope to put on a concert better and bigger than this in which Miss Taylor hopes to have some outside talent, perhaps from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

During the spring season the Assembly programs have been chiefly under the supervision of Miss Taylor, the music instructor. The principal programs, however, were the production of two short French plays. It was the first time any attempt has been made in this line and the school feels proud of the students who took part in these clever presentations.

Early in the season two short scenes from

"Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon" were given by French IIIA. Before the performance Margaret Notman gave a short explanation, whereby the students were better able to comprehend the circumstances. The characters were: Monsieur Perrichon, Duncan Rogers, Madam Perrichon, Elizabeth Mitchell, Henriette, their daughter, Anne Hickey; Marjorin, Philip Rosenblat; Daniel, William Cotter.

The second play, given later in the season by French IIIB, was entitled "La Pipe de Jean Bart." It was clearly enacted and the pupils are to be commended for their excellent pronunciation. The prologue was given by Fannie Minkovitch. The cast was: Jean Bart, Lloyd Remsen; the king, Malcomb Stratton; Guard, Dalton Wein; Courtiers, William Wragg, Robert Donald, John Oliver.

The Teachers' Play

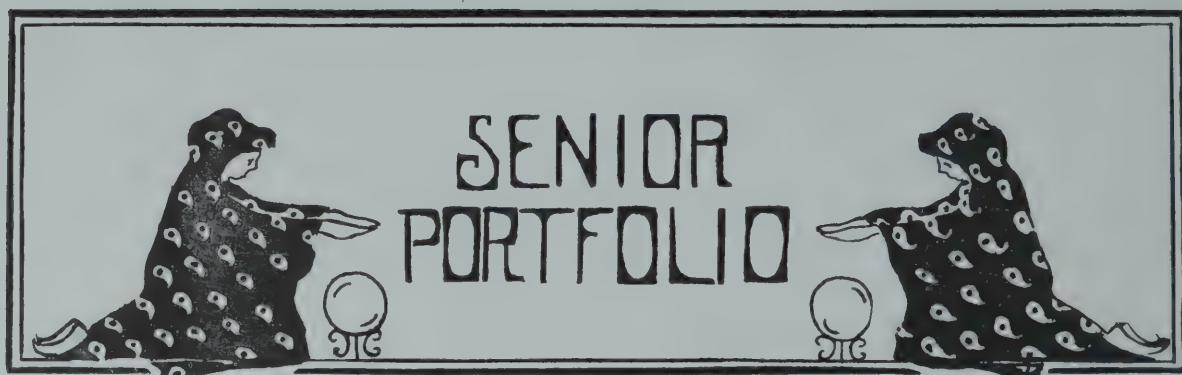
For three years the Teachers' Club of Needham have given plays. This year on February 11th and 12th, the club presented in the High School Hall, "Mr. Pim Passes By," written by A. A. Milne, a humorous comedy in three acts under the direction of Miss Bertha C. Pugsley.

The cast is as follows:

George Marden, J. P. . . .	Mr. Alfred Johnson
Olivia, his wife	Miss Rose Merrifield
Dinah, his wife	Miss Dorothy Mercer
Lady Marden, his aunt . . .	Miss Gladys Gilbert
Brian Strange	Mr. Charles Benton
Anne, the maid	Miss Alice Chase
Carraway Pim	Mr. Herbert Dimlick

Mr. Pim, an odd old man, who has seen quite a bit of the world and who has met quite a lot of people, has an odd trait in his character, that of mixing up names of people, as he hasn't a good memory. This leads Mr. and Mrs. Marden into strange difficulties, that of Mrs. Marden committing bigamy. In the end the old man clears her of that crime and the play merrily comes to an end, much against the on-lookers' wishes as the action of the play is humorous in that it puts the actors in a funny position.

The music for the entertainment was furnished by a Tech Undergraduate Orchestra.



GEORGE COMERFORD RICE

*"With grave aspect he rose
And in his rising seemed
A pillar of state."*

Date of birth — October 22, 1909.

Place of birth — Cambridge, Mass.

To George we look with great respect for during the last two years he has served faithfully as our class president. His good-natured manner and kind word for everyone have made us feel that he is certainly a worthwhile friend. George is one of those outdoor boys. He is very fond of life in the open and next year he hopes to take up forestry at Mass. Aggie.

President 3, 4. **The Advocate** Board 3, 4. Student Council 3, 4. Senior Play. Prom Committee 3, 4. Photograph Committee.



HOWARD JOHNSON GODFREY

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all content like me?"*

Date of birth — April 24, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

"Hank" is a very popular young man. He is an accomplished athlete. Last fall he shone as one of the brightest stars in our football firmament; this winter he displayed great ability in shooting baskets for the basketball team, and he proved his mettle this spring as captain of baseball. Hank is very fond of the out-of-doors and enjoys canoeing and fishing. Next fall we expect to see Hank shining in Harvard Engineering School where he intends to take up civil engineering.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Captain 4. Football 2, 3, 4. Basketball 4. Vice-President, 3, 4. **The Advocate** Board 3. Student Council 4. Prom Committee 3. Class Ring Committee.



MILDRED HAYDEN PACKARD

"Thoughts are but dreams till they be fully tried."

Date of birth — April 29, 1909.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

When in doubt ask Milly. Whether it's a difficulty in chemistry or a problem in history she is right there. Mildred has served faithfully as our class secretary for three long years. She surprised us all in her dramatic ability as the leading lady in the senior play. We thought that she might become a math professor, but so varied are Milly's accomplishments that we wouldn't be surprised if she would be very successful on the stage. Mildred has decided to do neither for she expects to take up her studies at Simmons next fall in prospect of becoming a buyer. Good luck, Milly.

Hockey 1. Basketball 4. Girls' Tennis 2. Class Secretary 2, 3, 4. Student Council 2, 3, 4. Senior Play. Salutatorian.



HAROLD THOMAS VINCENT

"The cold neutrality of an impartial judge."

Date of birth — September 2, 1907.

Place of birth — Schenectady, N. Y.

"Scrape, scrape." When we hear leather heels scraping along the floor we are pretty sure that Bud is coming. But don't be alarmed; he can put his heels up. You should see how daintily he steps in and out of salesmanship class where he shines as one of the bright lights. Bud is one of our football stars. Next year's team will miss a good man. He is planning to go to Kent's Hill next year and we wish him success there.

Baseball 4. Football 2, 3, 4. Class Treasurer 1, 2, 3, 4. Student Council President 4.



DORIS COLBY BLACKMAN

"The shortest answer is doing."

Date of birth — December 18, 1908.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

We weren't one bit surprised when we learned that Doris was to be valedictorian of our class. Ever since we've known her she has taken to studies like a duck to water, if we may use that simile. Doris was our **Advocate** typist, but now she is assistant business manager and a very efficient one at that. Next year she hopes to go to B. U. and study to be a public accountant. Good luck to you Doris.

Valedictorian. Hockey 1, 2. English Club 1. **The Advocate** Board 4. Senior Play Committee, Chairman.



ARTHUR HAMPSON BIRKETT, JR.

"His every tone is music's own."

Date of birth — December 23, 1909.

Place of birth — Milford, Conn.

Arthur is quite a studious young man. We usually see him bending over his book, wrinkling his brow over some puzzling math problem or Aenas' latest adventure. Arthur is a very accomplished pianist. Arthur also has other fields of interest, his position as Editor in Chief of **The Advocate** and his remarkable success as Bernard in the Senior play mark him as a man of unusual accomplishments. We know he will make a success at Dartmouth next fall.

Glee Club 2. English Club 1. **The Advocate** Board 3, 4. Senior Play. Class Reader.



HELEN WINIFRED CRAWLEY

"Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."

Date of birth — August 20, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Helen is really a most business-like person. She is always to be seen walking down the hall very hurriedly in pursuit of some important matter. Her efficient work as business manager of **The Advocate** Board shows her great ability in that field. Helen is quite studious in spite of her varied duties in school activities. We are very proud to note that she will be numbered among the freshmen at Wellesley College next fall. Good luck, Helen.

Hockey 1, 4. Glee Club 3. English Club 1, 2, 3, 4. **The Advocate** Board 3, 4. Student Council 4. Girls' Gym Reward 2, 3. Photograph Committee. Class Ring Committee Chairman. Cheer Leader 3, 4. Class Prophet.

The Advocate



SUMNER FREDERICK ADAMS

"His blush is like the red, red rose."

Date of birth — November 29, 1908.

Place of birth — Natick, Mass.

Everyone knows "Bus." Who wouldn't? He is noted for his "Boy friend and Me society" his inseparable companion being "Bondie." Bus is one of our classmates who is athletically inclined, his very physique catches our eye. He is especially at home when out on the gridiron or perhaps when meandering about the third floor corridor with his inevitable pal in search for (some one?). Bus claims he doesn't know what he is going to do next fall, but we prophecy a most favorable future.

Football 2, 3, 4. Baseball 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Glee Club 3. Track 4.



FRANK H. ALLMAN

"Concealed talent brings no reputation."

Date of birth — October 16, 1908.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Frank is one of the best natured fellows that we know. Although he has not taken part in any of the sports, he is very well-known and is a favorite with all the fellows—and also the girls. Frank is quiet and we never hear him making a noise, but you may be sure he gets what he wants without making a fuss over it. He excels in the salesmanship class, and we predict a bright future for him if he follows this profession.



WILLARD BOND

"Joy shared is joy doubled."

Date of birth — March 12, 1908.

Place of birth — Brookline, Mass.

Bondie belongs to a very exclusive society "A" the "Association of Bond and Adams." Bill's weakness seems to be in certain lockers on the third floor. We are accustomed when meandering down the corridor in seeing him chatting with some fair sophomore, or giving some friendly advice to "Bus." Bondie is one of our most ardent routers in athletics; he is a man that we have to look up to. May we always look up to you, Bondie.

Football Manager 4. Basketball 3, 4. Track 3, 4. Student Council 3, 4. Class Picture Committee.



FRANK LEO CASTAGNETTI

*"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure
And pleasure my business."*

Date of birth — August 12, 1908.

Place of birth — Framingham, Mass.

"Peeky" without doubt has roused many a cheer from football enthusiasts. Through our whole high school career we have watched him do his stuff on the football field. He has shown an ardent pursuit of every high school sport. Peeky hasn't as yet decided what to do next year, but we most certainly advise him to follow athletics.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4. Basketball 2. Hockey Manager 4. Track 3, 4. Student Council 3, 4.



RAYMOND PERCY CHAMBERS

*"The very crown of creature worth
Is easy, guileless, open truth."*

Date of birth — January 12, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

We don't know just how our class would have got along without Ray. certainly the Senior play could not have been put across without this golden "find." We feel proud, too, that we have at least one peacemaker in the class, and one who is liked by everyone. But this is not all, for Ray is a lover of sports. We cannot help feeling that he will succeed in whatever undertaking in life he tackles.

Baseball 3, 4. Football 4. Senior Play.



MARION MELVINA CLEWS

"Quietness is best."

Date of birth — October 11, 1908.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Let us introduce one of our future artists. Marion néver has much to say, but when she gets her pencil or brush at work she surely beats us all. Seas of color exist where none were before; people emerge from hidden places like fairies in a fairy tale. A mere lead pours forth mystery. Next year Marion is going to enter the Vesper George School of Art and we are glad for we expect great things when she becomes commercial designer.

Glee Club 3, 4.



FRANCIS WOODWORTH COBURN

"Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food."

Date of birth — May 19, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Frannie has been with us off and on all through school. His sly remarks and amusing stories have entertained both his classmates and teachers. That favored math class considers him one of its most diverting members. Coburn is a born cheer leader as he proved by his excellent work in the cheering section last fall. His unusual success in track, his wholehearted work on the prom committees, and his clever acting for the senior play make us realize that he is a young man of versatile talent.

Baseball Manager 4. Track 2, 3, 4. Basketball 3. Student Council 4. Prom Committee 3, 4, Chairman. Photograph Committee. Senior Play. Cheer Leader 3, 4.



ANASTASIA CECILIA COUGHLIN

*"She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold."*

Date of birth — June 20, 1909.

Place of birth — Newton, Mass.

Anastasia is too long to say so everyone calls her just "Stasia." We've often envied her ability in being such a happy-go-lucky person but it hasn't done any good, for the happy-go-luckiness won't stay "caught" after she leaves. "Stasia" was Secretary of our Student Council this year and a very good one at that. Consequently we are glad to hear that she is going to B. U. next year for we know she will make an excellent secretary.

Basketball 4. Student Council Secretary. Photograph Committee.

The Advocate



LYDIA EVA CRANTON

*"Few can possess such qualities
Of cheerful ways and friendliness."*

Date of birth — August 19, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

"Lyd" as she is most commonly known, never has been, nor never can be a very noisy person, but that doesn't matter, for there are other things as worth while. For instance, Lyd's one of the best natured girls we've ever met. She wouldn't even be disturbed if the sun rose in the west. And it's done us good to have her around to help us laugh at the rough places. Thanks, Lydia, we'll never forget, for you are a great help and comfort.



HARLAN GEORGE CROSSETT

*"Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome."*

Date of birth — August 5, 1910.

Place of birth — Blue Island, Ill.

Harlan is a very surprising young man. We have suddenly begun to realize that he is no longer the little boy we knew four years ago. His sparkling eyes and quaint speech have attracted us greatly. There is something about him one likes to tease, but even when he is in the powerful grip of Marshall or Rice, he smiles cheerfully. He is rather indefinite as to his plans for next year, but we know that whatever school claims him will discover that it has made a lucky find.

Basketball 3. English Club 1, 3. **The Advocate** Board.



ROSE ALICE CYLINKI

"He that has patience, may compass anything."

Date of birth — July 13, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Did you hear that sudden giggle? It was Rose, there's no doubt about that. If we didn't hear her giggling we would think that there was something wrong. Rose was a valuable asset to the seniors in basketball in spite of her giggle, and we surely do appreciate her. We do not know her plans for the future, but we wish her the best of luck in whatever she does.

Hockey 4. Basketball 4. Glee Club 3, 4.



RUSSELL FREDERICK DAVIS

"The way to fame is like the way to Heaven—through much tribulation."

Date of birth — September 12, 1909.

Place of birth — Worcester, Mass.

"Rustler" surely is an entertaining person, especially when he gives us one of his very choice translations of French. And as for being witty, well we have begun to think he's going to be a second Mark Twain, that is, if he doesn't go into the business of translating rare old French texts into English. "Rustler" maintains he doesn't know where he is going next year, but we bet that's just another one of his little jokes.

Photograph Committee. Class Day Committee.



JOHN RUSSELL DRINKWATER

"God giveth speech to all, song to the few."

Date of birth — October 20, 1909.

Place of birth — Providence, R. I.

Football hero, crack basketball shot and star catcher—that is "Drink." John is happy-go-lucky although he is at times rather reticent. We must also mention the fact that he has the best male voice in our class and is a bit bashful about telling people that he really enjoys music. We're glad to hear him telling us that he wants to become a dairyman and is going to M. A. C. to pursue his education.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4. Football 2, 3, 4. Track 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. Glee Club 4.



MARY BARBARA FORD

"The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness."

Date of birth — October 26, 1908.

Place of birth — Dover, Mass.

Flivver is one of our dancing enthusiasts. She has served on both the Junior and Senior prom committees and if it hadn't been for her good ideas well—imagine for yourself. Mary is most dependable. We knew that our photograph committee and senior play ushers were safe when they were in her efficient hands and as Eavesdropping Editor of *The Advocate* she also proved her ability. Mary is planning to go to a secretarial school next year. Some day she will make someone a good, private stenographer. Good luck, Flivver.

Hockey 2. Glee Club 3. English Club 1, 2, 3. Senior Play, Head Usher. *The Advocate* Board 3, 4. Photograph Committee Chairman. Prom Committee 3, Chairman.



DONALD ALEXANDER EATON

*"Then on! Then on! Where duty leads,
My course be onward still."*

Date of birth — July 28, 1908

Place of birth — Needham Mass.

Don is another musical member of our class. He revels in playing the fiddle and makes an excellent orchestra leader, we only hope he will keep it up. Then, too, we don't know a member of our class with whom it is easier to get along, and in the role of business man, which vocation Don expects to follow after attending B. U., we may most assuredly prophecy all manner of success.

Glee Club 3. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4. *The Advocate* Board 3, 4. Class Ring Committee.



KATHRYN GLORIA GREENE

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Date of birth — September 9, 1910.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Here is Gloria and such an imperturbable person she is. It doesn't matter what happens she's always placid, and it has done everyone of us more excitable folks good to have her around. The other day a little bird told us that Gloria would like very, very much to be a teacher. You would surely be a success, Gloria. However, she says she has not decided what she will do yet, but wherever she is her good nature will be a great asset.

Hockey 1. Glee Club 3, 4. English Club 1.

The Advocate



HARRIE FAIRWEATHER

"They who have light in themselves will not revolve as Satellites."

Date of birth — September 15, 1910. Place of birth — Hampton, N. B., Canada

Here is one of the rare surprises of living. Harry has announced that he intends to work on a United Fruit steamer next year. We did think that after all the dabbling around he does in the Lab. he would be a chemist or a scientist of some sort, or may be an athletic coach, an instructor of a very exclusive class on the art of going to sleep. (?) Anyway, let us know when the Fairweather Steamship line starts and we'll try to console our disappointment—maybe.

Senior Play, Stage Manager.



MARGARET LOUISE HARTSHORN

*"Her voice was gentle, and soft and sweet,
A wonderful thing in a woman."*

Date of birth — July 3, 1909. Place of birth — Amesbury, Mass.

Goodness, here is "Peg" or "Peggy" or "Pegegs" or whatever you wish. Perhaps you don't know her for she is always very quiet, but that doesn't matter, for some day you can't help knowing her. Shall we tell you the reason why? The reason is that next year she's going to study in Boston Normal Art to be a really truly artist. Go to it, Peg, for we already know how well you have succeeded as a pianist. We know you'll succeed.

Glee Club 4. **The Advocate** Board 3, 4.



FREDERICK RICHARD KROOG

"Modest merit has a double claim to acceptance."

Date of birth — April 5, 1909. Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Freddie is an individualistic member of our class in that he is a distinct type in himself and is perhaps the most shy and retiring among us, although once in a while rumors peep out to the contrary. Kroogie, however, enjoys nothing more than baseball; in this young man we see a pitcher extraordinary; but this is not the only sport in which he indulges for we hear that his golfing prowess is also extremely well developed. In whatever his undertakings in life we wish him favorable fortune.

Baseball 2, 3, 4.



EMILY KIMBALL

"Silence often persuades when speaking fails."

Date of birth — November 1, 1909. Place of birth — Walpole, Mass.

Here's still another who would like to be a nurse and a splendid one at that. Emily thought she could keep very quiet and hide her accomplishments from us, but leave it to us to be a-listening. It was heard, too, that she is all ready to go in training at the Faulkner Hospital next fall. You see, Emily's secrets "will out," so even if you are always so quiet we know and we wish you good luck.

Senior Play.



PHYLLIS EMMA KOLDENBORG

"I love not many words."

Date of birth — November 27, 1908. Place of birth — Needham Heights, Mass.

Who doesn't know Phil? She's one of our best athletes and in basketball or hockey she is just great. We've often wondered if she's planning to be a chemist for every time we see her she is lost in the mysterious depths of her chemistry book. However, she assures us that her only intentions are to be a nurse, so next year she is planning to enter the Deaconess Hospital. A very fine profession, Phil, and we wish you good luck.

Basketball 3, 4. Hockey 4. Track Meet 3. Glee Club 3.



WILLIAM BOLLOM LUDLOW, JR.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."

Date of birth — October 11, 1910.

Place of birth — Tolland, Conn.

Bill, as you may notice, is one of the younger members of our class, although of course we all consider him as one of us. We cannot imagine Bill without his inevitable companions, the banjo or uke, which we see him strumming in every spare moment. We also think of him as an admirable character in our Senior Play. We send with Bill our best wishes in whatever path he follows next year, and expect to find him some day the president of a bank.

Mandolin Club, 3. Senior Play.



ETHEL PAULINE LYNDON

"Smiles on those who smile, and weeps with those who weep."

Date of birth — August 14, 1907.

Place of birth — Arlington Heights, Mass.

Somehow Pauline is so very quiet that we seldom know anything about her. Yet what we do know we like very much. We guess Pauline likes history pretty well, for last year we used to see her run up to ask Mr. Frost about ten questions during a study period. Isn't that so, Pauline? Next year Pauline isn't sure what she will do, but some time soon she is going to train to be a nurse; when and where she will tell us later. Someday we expect to see Pauline all stiffly starched and carrying out the kindly role of a nurse.



ROBERT BRADFORD MARSHALL

"There is no policy like politeness."

Date of birth — June 14, 1909. Place of birth — Chappaquiddick, Edgartown, Mass.

Bob is a very genial young man. He always has a smile or good-natured greeting for everyone. We have become accustomed to hearing his cheerful voice, whether in class or outside, for Bob certainly has the gift of eloquence. He often entertains us in English class with some of his boyish philosophy or interesting anecdotes. Marshall has always possessed a fancy for guns or boats. Whenever such discussions come up in class we look to him for an explanation. Next year Bob expects to continue his studies at Mass. Aggie.

Football 3, 4. Basketball 3. Student Council 1. Dance Committee 1. Class President 1.

The Advocate



MARY CARROLL MARSHALL

*"With an eye ever open, a tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never to sorrow succumb."*

Date of birth — March 3, 1910.

Place of birth — Newton Centre, Mass.

"Sit," is one of those young ladies whose pleasing personality radiates throughout the whole school. We will feel lost without Mary's fascinating smile and friendly voice. She is one of those all-a-round girls who excel not only in athletics but in all school work. Mary has given a great deal of time and thought to the various class activities. Her splendid work on the prom committees and the girls' gym meet shows her to be a very efficient manager. Next year Sit expects to go to a finishing school at Northampton where we know she will be a much sought young lady. Best of luck, Mary.

Basketball 3, 4. Hockey Captain 3, 4. Baseball 1. Track 3. Gym Reward 3. Prom Committee 3, 4. Class Ring Committee.



HAROLD GORDON MARTIN

*"Greater than shows itself at the first view,
To you that know them not."*

Date of birth — September 26, 1908.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Gordie is one of the friendliest boys in the school. He has a little Ford coupe all his own. We often see it going in the direction of —. Well we won't tell Gordie's secret this time. He has proved himself successful in the Gym as a good sport. We send our best wishes with him to Springfield where he is to train to be a physical director.

Baseball 4. Football 4. Hockey 3, 4. Track 4.



ELINOR MARION MASON

"Self trust is the first secret of success."

Date of birth — October 23, 1909.

Place of birth — Lawrence, Mass.

Elinor hasn't always been with us, but we don't know what we would do without her now, for she made a splendid grandmother for our play. We've heard two things about Elinor; one is that she likes to act, and the other is that she was once thinking of being a criminologist. We do hope you won't be such an awful sounding thing, Elinor, but we'll know after you graduate from B. U.

Hockey 2. Basketball 4. Glee Club 3. Senior Play.



ELEANOR JEAN MORRIS

"But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance."

Date of birth — August 7, 1909.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

Eleanor is Evelyn's sister, but we can never tell them apart without a great deal of puzzling. Eleanor is a wizard at shorthand, too, so when she enters B. U. next year to study to be a teacher of shorthand and typewriting we expect her to emerge from there in four years with her degree, for we know she can't help succeeding.



EVELYN LEE MORRIS

"But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance."

Date of birth — August 7, 1909.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

Evelyn has been in our class only since last fall but even in that short time we have grown to respect her ability in shorthand. Next year she is going to B. U., and after that she hopes to become a teacher of shorthand and typewriting, at which profession she is sure to be a success. By the way, Evelyn is a twin and we do have a terrible time telling which one she is.



LEONARD LESLIE MORRISON

"He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it."

Date of birth — September 4, 1910

Place of birth — Edinburgh, Scotland.

Bidgie is a real humorist. He is a member of the model math class and often startles this select group with some unusual discovery in the mathematical world. His sense of humor usually gets the better of him at the most serious moments and often this unusual class will be forced to stop in the midst of its labors to give way to mirthful feeling aroused by the dry Bidgie. As an actor Leonard is a star, for he made a most delightful twin in the senior play. Next year "Bidgie" expects to become one of those Tech men.

Basketball 3, 4. Senior Play.



DORIS MURTFELDT

"Men resemble gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures."

Date of birth — March 26, 1909.

Place of birth, Dorchester, Mass.

There is nothing "dead" about Doris. In fact she is so very full of life that next year she is going to the Marjorie Webster School of Physical Education in Washington, D. C. to train to be a gym teacher. It is quite true that Doris likes to hike but, for goodness sake Doris, if you get lonesome for us don't try hiking back — it is a little too far, you know. Good-luck to you, and we hope you'll like your work.

Motto Committee. Captain Senior Basketball (class). English Club 1, 2. *The Advocate* 3, 4.



RICHARD FLETCHER MURRAY

"He'll find a way."

Date of birth — March 6, 1908.

Place of birth — Cambridge, Mass.

We have often wondered why Fletcher doesn't go by his first name. It is rather mysterious, but he probably has good reasons, although you might ask him sometime and see what he says. Fletcher has been one of the lively members of our class, so much so, that next year he expects to go to Harvard Engineering School and be a civil engineer. We bet you'll miss Latin, though, Fletcher.

Football 3, 4. English Club 1, 2, 3, President 4. Student Council. Prom Committee. Class Ring Committee.

The Advocate



PEARL ELLA NANSCAWEN

*"With gentle yet prevailing force
Intent upon her destined course."*

Date of birth — February 10, 1909.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

If our class is never remembered for anything else it will always be known as the class with which Pearl graduated. You see Pearl is going to become an authoress and a poetess. She has given proof of this all through her four years in High School not only in class work and as literary editor on *The Advocate* but in outside publications as well. Maybe Pearl will write a book about some of her old classmates some day. Next year she is going to B. U., N. A. L.

English Club 2. *The Advocate* 3, 4. Senior Play Committee. Hockey 2, 4.



DONALD EMERSON NICKERSON

"For I am nothing if not critical."

Date of birth — July 12, 1908.

Place of birth — Everett, Mass.

Although Donald is a new member of our class, we all feel right at home with him. Often he surprises us with his gifted tongue by giving us some amazing recitation in English or French which arouses our envy. We know, too, that he has a gifted pen which we only wish he would use more often. Next fall Don is aspiring to higher things by preparing in Tufts to become a physician.



MADELEINE PEASE

*"A winning way, a pleasant smile,
Dressed so neat and quite in style."*

Date of birth — September 13, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

The class without "Peasie" would be like gingerale without snap. She certainly is the life of the class. Her vivacious disposition and her sparkling sense of humor brighten every classroom. Peasie surely made a cute twin in the senior play, and we should advise her to go on the stage, but she has other plans. We know that she will be successful at B. S. P. E. and will make a snappy gym instructor.

Girls' Baseball 2. Hockey 1, 2, 4. Track 3, 4. English Club 1, 2, 3. Girls' Gym Reward 3. Prom Committee 3, 4. Senior Play.



ARTHUR WILLIS OAKMAN

"Whether in speaking or writing, a gentleman is always known by his style."

Date of birth — May 8, 1911

Place of birth — Neponset, Mass.

Artie is one of the most accomplished young men in our class. He can make us shiver with delight by some brilliant play in football or basketball and he can make us stand in awe at some marvelous creation from his deft hand. Arthur always has a good-natured smile for everyone and never appears to be in a hurry. His ambition is to become a commercial artist and we feel quite certain that this ambition will be realized in the art school where he intends to continue his studies. Best of luck, Oakie.

Football 4. Track 3, 4. Basketball 3, 4. *The Advocate* Board 4.



ALICE CHAPMAN PETERSON

*"Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportioned thought his act."*

Date of birth—May 10, 1909.

Place of birth—Dorchester, Mass.

Alice is one of the quietest yet one of the jolliest girls in the class. We never knew how well she could play basketball until this year when she played for the Senior class tournaments. Her hobby is collecting newspaper clippings. These are a great help to the girls in stenography class when they forget their clippings. She has no definite plans for the future, but we know she will be a pleasant and efficient stenographer for some one.

Basketball 4.



ROBERT EDMUND POLLEY

"A companion that is cheerful is worth gold."

Date of birth — February 17, 1909.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Bob is a rather quiet member of our class, but he is well known and liked by everyone. He played football only one year. It is too bad he did not keep it up. Bob has distinguished himself at camp during the summer months. We wish him all the success in the world at the U. S. Naval Academy where he plans to continue his studies in order to become a naval officer.

Football 2. Class Ring Committee. Senior Play, Assistant Stage Manager.



EVELYN MARIE PETERSON

"A good word is an easy obligation but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing."

Date of birth, February 12, 1908.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

Evelyn isn't a bold sort of young lady, not at all. You'd hardly ever know she was around unless you should see her. She says reading is her hobby and that some day she hopes to be a private secretary. Go to it, Evelyn, you'll surely come out ahead if you keep on. You see we are quite certain, for "Ev" has been our **Advocate** Typist and that's proof enough that she is a young lady of no mean ability.

The Advocate Typist 4.



RICHARD NIELS RAWLINGS

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Date of birth — June 16, 1908.

Place of birth — East Boston, Mass.

Dick has been with us only two years, but it would surely seem queer to us now if we did not see his big red machine flying up the driveway with all available space in it occupied. Dick has never taken part in any of the sports, but he is one of the school's ardent supporters; he may be seen at all the games cheering for the Blue and White. We do not know Dick's plans for the future but we wish him all the success in the world.

The Advocate



DOROTHY QUEEN

"Patience will achieve more than our force."

Date of birth — January 22, 1910.

Place of birth — Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Happy-go-lucky Dot, how we shall miss her next year. We just won't know what to do without someone to tease, for no one will ever take her place in our opinion. Next year Dot hopes to enter Toronto University. Our advice is to keep right on smiling and laughing, Dot, and you'll go in flying with a host of friends to greet you, but even if you are so far away don't you dare to forget us back here.



CHARLOTTE MARGARET RICHARDS

"A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm."

Date of birth—March 22, 1908.

Place of birth — Buffalo, New York.

Charlotte is such a wonderfully good-natured person we think her motto must be "laugh and the world laughs with you," for she always seems to keep the people in her vicinity grinning from ear to ear. Her hobby is to roam over the rolling greensward after a tiny white ball, but what she will roam after next year she is yet uncertain. Anyway, don't worry, Charlotte, there will always be something.



VIRGINIA M. RICHWAGEN

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

Date of birth — August 8, 1908.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Some day we are going to be proud of Virginia, for if she continues to study music as she expects to now, she will attain great things. If you've never heard her play you've surely missed something, for she can almost make a piano talk. As yet she has no definite plans as to where she will go next year, but wherever it is she expects to study music and we know she will make good.

Basketball 1. English Club 1. Orchestra 4. Senior Play.



DORIS EDNA ROBINSON

*"Her gentle voice, her meek, calm ways,
Bring joy along the paths she strays."*

Date of birth — June 18, 1907.

Place of birth — Roslindale, Mass.

Doris has about the sweetest disposition of any girl we know; so even if she is quiet we always miss her when she isn't around. Dressmaking seems to be her hobby and a very good one at that if we can judge by any of the perfectly splendid dresses she makes. Just think some day Doris may be doing as that familiar little jingle says "sewing a fine seam and eating berries and cream." We bet we'll envy you then, Doris.



RICHARD RODGERS

"A merry heart that laughs at care."

Date of birth — January 2, 1908.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Ritchie is the strong man of our class. Record beating seems to be his hobby. We would like to know what that strong arm couldn't do. He has already gained first place in the bar vault, rope climb, floor dips, and chinning the bar. No wonder he expects to get to Springfield. But this isn't all we have to say about Ritchie; he delights us also with his unfailing good humor.

Baseball 1, 2, 4. Football 2, 3. Hockey 3. Track 2, 3.



ELEANOR ELWELL ROHN

"Talking is one of the fine arts."

Date of birth — May 11, 1909.

Place of birth — Wollaston, Mass.

Eleanor has done every thing from running the Junior class stunt in the David Gross Benefit to managing the hockey games last fall, and most successfully, too. She is planning to enter Wheaton next fall, and we know that there as well as here she will be famous for her views on fishing and the modern generation. She may write a book some day with all the queer Needhamites in it or she may be a missionary, who knows? But whatever she does, we know she will be a success.

Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4 Manager. Basketball 1, 2, 3. English Club 1, 2, 3, 4. **The Advocate** Board 3, 4. Student Council 4.



EUGENE FRANCIS SMITH

"Play up, play up, and play the game."

Date of birth — June 24, 1909.

Place of birth — East Weymouth, Mass.

Although Smitty comes from the place where they make "Click Quart" ginger ale, he seems to have always been one of us. We discovered when he entered Needham High two years ago that we had made a real athletic find; for Smitty startled us with his unusual ability at football. We admired Smitty as he glided across the basketball floor to make some other brilliant play. Smith is looking forward to a career of medicine. He intends to enter Holy Cross next fall. We expect to read great accounts of his success in athletics.

Football 3, 4 Captain. Baseball 3, 4. Student Council.



LOUISE SCHIRMER

Date of birth — July 20, 1910.

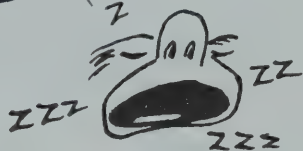
Place of birth — Lexington, Mass.

*"Attempt the end and never stand in doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."*

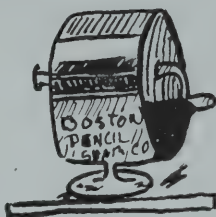
Down the hall we hear a voice. Yes, it is Louise expounding some of her well-known theories regarding the present generation. Louise is a great lover of the out-of-doors. She has established a reputation as a hiker and mountain climber. Her hobby is her sail boat; when skimming across Louis Bay she is supremely happy. Louise has been a diligent worker for Needham High, having served faithfully in her undertakings. We know that Louise will have a successful four years at Wheaton, which she hopes to enter next fall.

English Club 1, 2, 3. Orchestra 2. Basketball 3. Manager 4. Student Council 4. **The Advocate** 3, 4. Senior Play Committee. Senior Play.

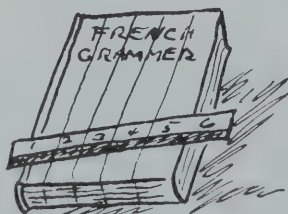
HUMOR?



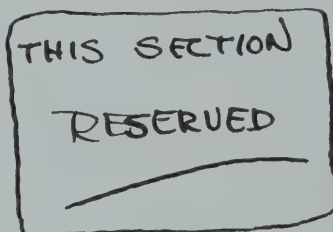
DON'T BOTHER
HIM - HE THINKS
HE'S STUDYING



WE NEVER SAW
ANYONE GET A GOOD
POINT FROM THE
SCHOOL SHARPENERS -
DID YOU?



OLIVER'S ELASTIC - VIOLIN
CONCERT WENT OVER
BIG IN FRENCH CLASS.



THE "FUR BENNIE"
IN THE SENIOR PLAY



ZIRSCH WONDERING
WHETHER TO ANSWER
"YES" OR "NO"



A LOT OF
STUDENTS
SHOULD
USE
THEM



MR. BENTON'S ARRANGEMENT OF A CLASS FOR A TEST



REMEMBER THE
ROLLER SKATES?



SO
DUMB

HE LOST HIS WATCH SO
HE BUILT A FENCE THERE
TO REMEMBER THE SPOT!

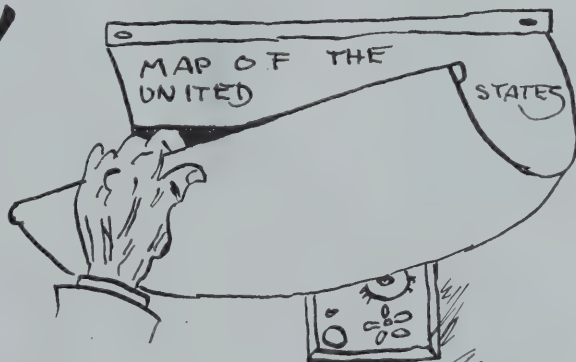
BIG CONTEST!

FILL IN THE
SPACES:



AT LEAST IT'S
THE BIGGEST!

THEY WERE RIGHT
WHEN THEY NAMED
IT BRICK
ICE-CREAM



WHO HIDES THE
SCHOOL PHONE?

KIMWOOD

The Advocate



FLORENCE MARGARET STANLEY

*"She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most would leave undone."*

Date of birth — July 2, 1908.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

They say Florence used to be called "Flops" or "Flossie" or something like that, but now she's just plain "Florence." She surely can make a piano talk, and, as a secret between us, you may see her swimming the channel some day. We hope she'll tell us when. But to be serious, Florence is planning to go to an academy in far off Arcadia next year, although we hope to have her back soon, for she expects to go to Mt. Holyoke in the near future.

Hockey 4. Basketball 4. Glee Club 4.



DANIEL LEONARD SULLIVAN

"Knowing him is enough."

Date of birth — May 23, 1908.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

Danny is our school politician. Everyone will agree to that, for he is never so happy as when arguing. If you ever want to win a debate be sure to have Danny on your side for the opposing side would never have a chance with the convincing arguments which he produces. We predict a successful future for Dan in politics.

Baseball 3, 4. Football 3, 4. Hockey 4. Senior Play.



RUTH MARGARET THOMAS

"Words of truth and soberness."

Date of birth — January 22, 1909.

Place of birth — Walpole, Mass.

Ruthie is one of the most adorable girls in our class. Her pleasing smile and winning ways have captured us all. She is an enthusiastic athlete, as is shown in her ardent pursuit of sports. As captain of our hockey team she thrilled us many a time with one of her marvelous shots from the backfield. Ruthie hopes to join the teaching corps. After finishing your course at Framingham Normal School, Ruthie, we shall all have to come back to school.

Girls' Baseball 1, 3. Hockey 3, 4 Captain. Basketball 2, Class Captain. English Club 3. **The Advocate** Board 4. Student Council 3, 4. Girls' Gym Reward 3. Prom Committee.



DONALD WALKER TAYLOR

*"Variety alone gives joy,
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy."*

Date of birth — April 7, 1908.

Place of birth — Worcester, Mass.

Although Don has not been with us long, we have become quite accustomed to his breezy manner round about school. He has a line which keeps his friends in continual mirth and Don has a hobby for cars, especially Fords, and we hear that he is a great lover of books. Next fall he hopes to become a member of the freshman class at Bowdoin where he intends to follow his chosen profession, finances.

Basketball 4. Mandolin Club 4.



MARGUERITE TOOMBS

Date of birth — December 11, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

Although Marguerite is quiet, she is very well known. She is called Toombsie by her friends and, when we hear the pattering heels coming up the corridor, we feel sure it's she. We know that she will make some one a pretty and efficient stenographer, for she is very friendly and willing to help. We wish her success in the business world.

Class Day Committee.



ANNIE WESTIN

"Contentment is natural wealth."

Date of birth — September 7, 1908.

Place of birth — Needham

Annie is one of the best natured girls we know. She is always laughing, but her good nature is only one of her assets. She has proved herself very efficient in stenography class. Next year she plans to enter Boston University where we wish her success in her preparation as a private secretary. We know she will prove friendly and capable.



KENNETH IRVING WOOD

"For the good are always merry."

Date of birth — November 9, 1908.

Place of birth — Faneuil, Mass.

There are four arts in which Ken is proficient; humor, clerking, music, and drawing. We have evidence of the first through his work on *The Advocate*. The second displays itself when we see Woodie at the counter and we are in a hurry to be waited on. We find him in the orchestra playing the drum or sax. But the last art is not the least, for his ability at drawing and cartooning make it certain that he will become no mean architect, a vocation which he expects to follow.

Track 4. Glee Club, 3. Orchestra 3, 4. *The Advocate* 3, 4. Tennis 3, Manager.



JOSEPHINE WESTON

"A full assurance given by looks."

Date of birth — June 17, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

"Jo" is rather quiet in school but that doesn't matter, for we know that her cheerful and friendly manner are worth much more. She says that she expects to go to a finishing school next year and after that to travel. We'd like to go, too, but maybe "Jo" will entertain us with a lecture or two when she gets back.

Basketball 2, 3. Glee Club 3. Orchestra 4.

The Advocate



ROBERT WILLIAM WRIGHT

*"Trust as little as you can to report,
And examine all you can by your own senses."*

Date of birth — November 12, 1908.

Place of birth — Newton Mass.

Sam can be seen almost any time of day dashing down the corridor at breakneck speed. He is a very important young man. He belongs to two very important organizations of this school; he is star violinist in Miss Taylor's orchestra, and he is one of the "Model Math Class," in which he is an enthusiastic participant. Wright is a most conscientious student. No wonder he is planning to go to M. I. T. next year, where he intends to take up electrical engineering.

Orchestra 3, 4. Senior Play Committee.



THEODORE CARL ZIRSCH

"In common sense, sense saves another way."

Date of birth — February 2, 1909.

Place of birth — Roslindale, Mass.

Teddy is one of those persons whom you would like to know on account of his outside appearance and when you know him he does not in the least disappoint you. Indeed Ted is one of the most agreeable and likeable fellows among us. We see him most often when he is ushering at the theatre, and we understand that he likes that job mighty well. As yet Ted is undecided what to do next year but we wish him good luck in any endeavor.

Football 3. Hockey 3.

DOROTHY CRANE

*"A maiden never bold
Of spirit still and quiet,
That her motion,
Blushed at herself."*

Date of birth — November 11, 1909.

Place of birth — Dorchester, Mass.

"Dot" is one of our very proficient young ladies in shorthand and we never can keep up with her. Some day Dot is going to be somebody's private secretary, if her wishes come true. But just now she is undecided as to what she will do for a while. Good luck, anyway, Dot, you surely will make a splendid private secretary.

HARRY DELBERT DODGE

"My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them."

Date of birth — November 13, 1909.

Place of birth — Needham, Mass.

"Creep," as he is usually called by those who know him well, has proved to be a great asset to N. H. S. on the hockey rink. He is one of our best players, and when we see him flashing around on his skates we begin to have a clearer idea of how our school obtained such a wonderful record this past year. Besides having this distinction, "Creep" has also proved to be a great favorite with everyone in school, and we all wish him success wherever he goes in future days. Good luck, "Creep."

Hockey, Captain 3, 4. Baseball 2, 3, 4. Football 4.

MAYBELLE ELIZABETH FALL

*"And as imagination bodies forth,
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen,
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothings,
A local habitation and a name."*

Date of birth — November 9, 1908.

Place of birth — Natick, Mass.

Maybelle has been at Needham High School only a year, but we have become so accustomed to her friendly smile and cheering words that we feel as if she had always been one of us. She loves to indulge in her hatred of Caesar's Gallic Wars. Her pen is particularly deadly in this indulgence. Maybelle always likes to keep people guessing, but we somehow found out that she is going to enter Bridgewater next fall.

JOHN FRANCIS GILFOIL

" And why should life all labor be."

Date of birth — May 18, 1908.

Place of birth — Boston, Mass.

In peering over the class at 8.15 we are unable to see one face which is quite hidden behind the sporting page of the morning Post. After the repeated request of the teacher for attention the paper is lowered and the pleasant face of Mr. Gilfoil appears. John is a loquacious young man and has quite a "line" with which he usually satisfies his questioning teachers. Gilfoil is decidedly ambitious and hopes next year to enter Suffolk Law School.

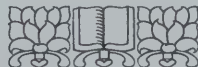
JESSIE WILL MILTON

*"The shallows murmur
But the deep are silent."*

Date of birth — October 31, 1908.

Place of birth — Gardiner, Maine.

Jessie has been with us for only a few months so we haven't become very well acquainted with her. We do know though that she intends to go to Framingham Normal next year, for she hopes to be a school teacher in the near future. There is no doubt of her success, for Jessie says she loves swimming and we know she will swim over all difficulties.



The Advocate

Alumni

The Department regrets that because of lack of space in this issue it is unable to print the information of the Classes 1911 to 1921 received after the Christmas number of **The Advocate** had gone to press.

Class of 1922

Graduates	Present Information
Jennie D. Carter	(Mrs. Putnam Johnson), Needham
Charles Cohoon	Needham
Mary Donald	(Mrs. Richard Solome), Needham
Russel Emery	Needham
Roscoe Fairbanks	Chicago
Barbara Fish	Needham
Grace Godfrey	Needham
Mabel Hall	Charles River Village
Arthur Harkins	In Gilchrist Co., Boston
Mary C. Harkins	John Hancock's, Boston
Virginia Heald	(Mrs. Richard I. Johnson)
Harriet Howe	Needham
Elinor Jones	Millis, Mass.
Mary Kenney	John Hancock's, Boston
Clifford Kilmer	In T. F. Kennedy's, Needham
Charles Nickerson	Needham
Mary O'Neil	William Carter Co.
Dorothy Pond	Needham
Lincoln Rockwell	Needham
Dorothy Satterlee	Needham Heights
Harriet Sewall	Needham
E. Frederick Smith	Needham Heights
Ruth Young	Needham Heights

Dorothy Barton is stenographer in Barton's Florist, Needham.

Winifred Marie Butler attended the Perry Kindergarten Normal School. During the school year of 1924 and 1925 she was teacher of second grade in West Lebanon, N. H., the next year she held the same position in Hope Valley, R. I.

Ross E. Fair is studying at the Illinois School of Accounting, Chicago. He worked in the Sales Ledger Department of the William Carter Co., and he has also been Office Manager of the Art Wood Turning Corporation, Chicago. While in Mont Clare, Ill. he was Register of Corporations.

Fannie Rosenblat was in the office of the Shepard Stores, Boston, until her marriage with Philip Cook. They live in Dorchester, Mass.

Merrill C. Tenny studied at the Missionary Training Institute in Nyack, N. Y., also in the Gordon College of Theology and Missions, graduating from the latter in 1927. Between 1924 and 1926 he taught in the Boston Bible Training School. In 1926 he was pastor of the Bible Union Baptist Church, Braintree. When Mr. Tenney was in N. H. S. he was on the staff of **The Advocate**.

Carl Roland Wallis is attending Wentworth Institute.

Class of 1923

Graduates	Present Information
Florence M. Allen	
Dorothea Ashton	(Mrs. Jewell), Wellesley
Lewis Brown	Center College, Ken.
Stuart Bugbee	Mass. Institute of Technology
Elizabeth F. Curley	Simmons
Margaret A. Donald	Maid
Francis H. Eaton	Boston University
Homer B. Elliott	Northeastern
Annette L. Engstrom	(Mrs. Wendell B. Higgins)
Miriam F. Fowle	Married, living in Florida
Barrett G. Getchell	Colby
Bassford Getchell	Colby
David F. Gourd	Northeastern
Elinor Jackson	Simmons
Mary F. Jacoby	Baltimore, Md.
Marguerite Kehoe	Crossman's Store
Earnest R. Keith	Needham Trust Co.
Ruth P. Keith	Teaching at Martha's Vineyard
John T. Kenney	Boston University
Evelyn King	Training as nurse
Alberta D. Koldenborg	Office, Charles Walton & Sons
Frances I. Kroll	Wheaton College
Helen Kroog	Boston University
Henry S. Leonard	Harvard
Birney Linn	University of N. C.
Arthur Mullen	Working
John O'Connor	Working
Grace G. Osborne	Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School
Nathaniel B. Rand	Mass. Institute of Technology
B. E. Phillips, Jr.	Northeastern
Ruth M. Richards	At home
Blanche F. Salt	(Mrs. Chester Eaton)
Newton L. Stata	Working for father
Alvira W. Vara	Bookkeeper for father
Winifred M. Whetton	Private nurse
Roswell C. Whitmore, Jr.	Hood Rubber Co.
Harriet Williams	Simmons
Clara L. Wilm	Colorado College

Class of 1924

Graduates	Present Information
Henry Anthony	
	Consulting Engineer of American Brown Boveri
	Electric Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio
Gara Beale	
	Secretary Bankruptcy Department of New England
	Telephone and Telegraph Co.
Elaine Benedict	Wheaton College
Helen A. Bond	Needham Town Hall
Jerry Bond, Jr.	University of N. H.
Dorothy H. Bruns	Bryant & Stratton
Ruth E. Cookson	(Mrs. John C. Davis)
Jessie Crane	Rimele's Fish Market

Graduates	Present Information
Ruth E. Cushman	Teacher, William Carter School
George I. Davis	Dartmouth
Louis M. Dow	Lesley School
Helen C. Faust	Seymour School of Music, N. Y. City
Archie W. Friswell	Pix Laboratory, Wellesley Hills
E. William Gourd	Boston University
Cynthia M. Gregory	Kindergarten teacher, Hope Valley, R. I.
Reginald E. Gulliver	University of N. H.
George C. Hansis, Jr.	Dartmouth
Rachel E. Heald	William Carter Co.
Henry B. Hill	University of N. H.
Raymond A. Holt	Springfield College
Frank I. Howe	Mass. Agricultural College
Clifford R. Jones	Office, Wadsworth & Howland Co., Boston
R. Madeline Kroll	Art School, N. Y.
George C. Litchfield	In Florida
Helen L. Mathey	Fisk Teachers' Agency
Ruth F. McCormack	Simmons
Ruth Nickerson	Simmons
Priscilla L. Packard	Normal Art School, Boston
Edmund G. Pond	Lumber business in Washington
Tilly Rosenblatt	Old Trusty Dog Biscuit Co.
Jerome F. Ryan	Klaner Brothers Trucking
Chester B. Sawyer	Northeastern
Howard A. Satterlee	Wentworth Institute
Ruth E. Smith	Kindergarten teacher
Ralph H. Studley	Myer & Co., Investment Bonds
Eleanor A. Tibbetts	At home in Connecticut
Gilbert Toone	Mass. Institute of Technology
Helen V. Whiting	Miss Wheelock's School
Dorothea M. Willgoose	Boston University
Robert J. Willgoose	Center College
Raymond P. Wragg	N. Y. office William Carter Co.
Robert C. Wilson	At Hodgman & Brown's Market

Class of 1925

Graduates	Present Information
James Wyman Adams	Boston University
Esther M. Baker	Wellesley College
Edith E. Beale	Framingham Normal
Katherine Benidict	Framingham Normal
Leonard C. Bertsch	Working
Elsie S. Briggs	Office, William Carter Co.
George W. Burgess	Mass. Institute of Technology
Rita E. Cahill	American College of Physical Education, Chicago
William G. Caunt	Needham Trust Co.
Eva Chamberlain	William Carter Co.
Amelia Chambers	Mrs. Wilmot Lambert
Catherine S. Coates	Framingham Normal
Frances Crawley	Framingham Normal
Elizabeth Desmond	Posse-Nissen School
L. Charles Donahue	Boston College
George Downer	Working
Etta V. Duvall	Teaching music at home
Elizabeth E. Eaton	Framingham Normal
Bertha Faust	Boston University

Graduates	Present Information
Harold F. Fuller	Tufts Dental
Wilfred J. Gaughan	William Carter Co.
Ruth Gordon	Framingham Normal
John D. Green	Boston University
Donald Gray	Office, William Carter Co.
Alfred Gross	At home
Edward C. Haley	Boston College
Estelle Hamilton	Bradford Academy
Miriam C. Kilmer	Children's Hospital
Samuel A. Ladd, Jr.	Bowdoin
Beatrice E. Lovering	Framingham Normal
Mae MacDonald	Office, William Carter Co.
Raymond Merrill	Rochester N. H. University
Margaret Morrison	Office, Old Trusty Biscuit Co.
Vincent L. Mulherin, Jr.	"The Palace" Needham Heights
Ida O'Connor	William Carter Co.
Alice L. Osborne	Art School
Alice Pehrson	Training Deaconess Hospital
Jane Pierce	Boston University
Florence W. Rice	Leland Powers
Phyllis A. Richardson	Boston School of Physical Education
Esther Rideout	Pomona College, Cal.
Phyllis Robinson	Chevy Chase
Ruth Roffe	John Hancock Co.
Ethel I. Roper	John Hancock Co.
Eleanor M. Ryan	Office, William Carter Co.
William F. Simons	Northeastern
Louise V. Smith	Carney Hospital, South Boston
Virginia H. Smith	At home
Grace Stephenson	Office, William Carter Co.
Roland L. Studley	Bryant & Stratton
Viola E. Thomas	Office, William Carter Co.
Ruth G. Thurston	Office, William Carter Co.
Kenneth Trow	In Stack and McAdams Garage, Needham
Joseph W. Wagner	William Carter Co.
Frank Vellali	Salesman
Josephine Westin	Private Secretary, Butts & Ordway, Boston
John J. Whetton	Newton Trust Co.

The class of '26 held its first reunion December 28, 1926, at Association Hall with forty-five members present. The guests of the evening were Miss Bernice Caswell and Mrs. George Hassam. It began with a banquet after which were humorous speeches by all the class members with Donald Mitchell very cleverly officiating as toastmaster. This was followed by a short business meeting, at which the class voted to hold next year a joint reunion with the class of '27. Letters were read from Mr. Campbell and Mr. Frost, expressing their regret at not being able to be present. The evening was then spent in dancing with music furnished by Tommy Chane's Orchestra. The class is indebted to the committee consisting of Miss Esther Sutton, Miss Ruth Norcross, Winthrop Southworth, Jr., and Lars Nelson ex-officio whose work made the reunion the success it proved to be.

Alice Kingsbury, '26.



Girls' Basketball

The girls came out for basketball this year in unusually large numbers so that Miss Wood, our coach, was obliged to have the Freshmen and Sophomores practice on Tuesdays, and the Juniors and Seniors on Fridays.

As in Hockey, a home-room tournament was played. The games were very interesting and after some exciting games Room 207 won the tournament.

Then the classes played for the banner. This year the tournament was arranged differently. Each class would play three games and the class having the highest number of points at the end of tournament would be the winner of the series. The Sophomores started out with a large score and were ahead until the last game, Juniors *vs.* Freshmen. The Juniors had to get 40 points to the score. They succeeded, the score being 44 to 11, and for the third year the class of 1928 won the banner.

The first and second class teams of Needham and Wellesley played each other on March 1. Our first class team (Juniors) was defeated by Wellesley's Senior team. The score was Wellesley 30, Needham 22, but our second team (Sophomores) defeated Wellesley's Junior team by the score of Needham 23, Wellesley 19.

The first game of the season was with Newton at Needham, on March 4. Needham played a fast thorough game and carried off

the victory. The score was Needham 33, Newton 11. This is the first year that Needham has defeated Newton.

The next game was with Medway at Needham on Friday afternoon, March 11. The girls of Needham were victorious over the visiting team from Medway by a score of 44-9. The score sounds quite one-sided but it was an interesting game. The forwards alone cannot win a game and in this game they surely got team play.

On March 18, Dover came to Needham. As this was only Dover's second year of basketball, they met a crushing defeat.

The concluding game was on March 22, when the alumni played the High School. Miss Alice Donahue, last year's basketball captain, was just as good as ever, and at one time the alumni were ahead. The High School, however, caught up with them and finally won. The score was High School 37, Alumni 28.

Most of the varsity team were Juniors and as the team was undefeated this year, it looks very promising for next year.

This spring Miss Wood plans to substitute soccer ball for the usual baseball for girls. This change seemed to have aroused a great deal of enthusiasm and it is hoped that the girls will derive much pleasure from it as well as profit.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Top Row—Manager Schirmer, M. Whelan, A. Kenney, G. Williams, Captain Kroog, D. Adams, B. Westin, Coach Wood. Middle Row—M. Gay, P. Cahill, E. Donald, D. Salzman, M. Steeves, M. Thomas, H. Hammersley. Front Row—M. Nickerson, P. Day, L. Donahue, O. Hasenfus, M. Burgess, M. Chambers.



BOYS' BASKETBALL.

Top Row — Dyer, Wragg, Godfrey, Captain Smith, Oakman, Flint, Woods, Coach Delano. Middle Row — Hewett, Hansis, Mulherin, Hollis, Quinlan.
Bottom Row — Olson, Bezanson, McCarty.

Boys' Sports

The basketball situation was very gloomy during the past year owing to the small number of candidates that were available. A team cannot hope to win without the proper support. However, several dependable boys remained loyal, and in the end were well repaid.

Eugene Smith, '27, was captain of the quintet and the mainstays of the team were Arthur Oakman, Karl Flint, William Wragg, and Howard Godfrey. The second team played as many games as the first and was about as successful as the first five.

It was not the games won or lost that we cared about, but the spirit in which the boys played during the season, always doing their best though the odds were against them. The stick-to-it-iveness of our boys will do much toward establishing a good team for the coming year.

The past year marked our entrance into a new league which was known as the Neighbortown Basketball League. The league comprised representatives of Needham, Wellesley, Natick, Framingham, and Norwood. Natick won the championship by defeating all their opponents. Wellesley finished last and our boys made fourth place.

The hockey situation was very bright, but the lack of ice limited the number of games to four, with the local boys winning three. The team, with William Carter as captain, was enthusiastically supported by the student body.

Basketball

By DONALD A. EATON

Norwood 30

Needham 3

The first game of the season was at Norwood and as the score reveals we received quite a trouncing at their hands. However, many of our best men were unable to play, including Oakman, Adams, and Drinkwater. Dixon starred for Norwood, while Godfrey played brilliantly for us.

Framingham 31

Needham 26

Our second game was lost to Framingham in the closing minutes when Diatelevi scored

several long baskets. Godfrey featured in this contest as well as the previous one.

Wellesley 33

Needham 20

We were defeated by our friendly rival mainly through the efforts of Whalen, the visiting forward. The spirit shown by our boys was a moral victory for us.

Natick 20

Needham 11

The league leaders were threatened when Needham played them off their feet, but were unable to score enough points to win. Captain Smith played best for us and Craig was the star for the visitors.

Dedham 27

Needham 7

This game was played on a night that the locals were crippled to such an extent that a first-string sub was not available.

Norwood 32

Needham 14

We met Norwood for the second time on the home court and were defeated, as in the first game, by a one-sided score. The evidence of team play was very noticeable, and it seemed that greater laurels were in store for us.

Needham 15

Framingham 12

We broke into the winning column when we defeated Framingham in the last minute of play mainly through the effort of Lawrence Newcomb, who scored in the final minute. The thrill of a victory was a great stimulant for the boys, as they won over Milton in the next game.

Needham 15

Milton 7

Our popular all-around athlete, "Art" Oakman, was responsible for this victory as he scored eight of the points for us. The team work of our boys was very evident and gave us more reasons to feel sure of success in the future. Karl Flint also featured in this contest.

Natick 38

Needham 18

The crippled condition of our boys, especially Smith and Oakman, was responsible for the above score. A great many obstacles

which caused the team considerable worry presented themselves at the time of the game.

Needham 26

Newton 23

Needham showed its true form in this game, and through the fine team work which was displayed, was able to win over Newton. "Gene" Smith and "Art" Oakman played heroic parts in the fray.

Milton 22

Needham 21

Milton came back strong in the last minute of this tilt and beat us by a one point margin. Captain Smith played a great game for us, but fate decreed that we should lose in the last minute.

Needham 21

Wellesley 20

The team had great satisfaction in winning over Wellesley as it is always considered an important rival. Karl Flint was the stellar light of this contest, and his seemingly impossible shot in the last second won the game for us.

Dedham 21

Needham 16

Dedham, fresh from the Tech Tournament, expected easy pickings with our boys, but they found things different from what they had anticipated and were forced to the limit in order to win. This game closed our basketball season with very few victories but with clean sportsmanship prevailing throughout the season.

Hockey

Needham 8

Newton Junior Varsity 2

The hockey season opened with a clean cut victory over the boys from the Garden City. Captain Carter was the star of the game together with Dodge and Woods who comprised the forward line. Material was available for a very good team for the games to follow.

Needham 8

Dover 0

Our hopes were boosted a great deal when we defeated Dover on the home rink by the onesided score shown above. "Pilly" Carter again led the way in this game seconded by DeFazio, who did a very capable job in the net.

Needham 3

Wellesley 0

The invincible "Billy" Carter scored all three goals for us, and his clever stick-handling was a revelation to the local fans. "Bunny" Walton assisted Carter in scoring one goal, and Gordon Martin featured on the defense.

Watertown 5

Needham 1

What proved to be the final game was played on soft ice that upset the fast game of our boys. The contest should never have been played, but a loss does not hurt a team of over-confident high school boys. Because of unfavorable weather conditions no more games were played.



Baseball

The first call for candidates for the baseball team was issued by Coach Delano April 1, and about thirty-five prospects appeared at the first meeting. It was thought that the season would be very successful as the candidates who turned out looked very promising.

The first game was played at Waltham, and Walton was chosen to represent the Blue and White on the mound. He was not at his best and as a result had to make way for Kroog, who fared just about as well. The game ended in a lucky victory for the "Watch City Boys" by the score of 9-8.

The second game of the year was played against the strong Newton High School team and again the game was lost by Needham by the one run margin. Oakman twirled for Needham and showed himself to be excellent material for future development.

The third game of the year was also lost by the score of 11-10. The one-run jinx was still very much in evidence and the game which should have been ours went to Belmont. Castagnetti pitched for Needham. The hitting of Carter was a feature of the



BOYS' HOCKEY

Standing—Dodge, Walton, Coach Delano, Berger, Carter. Kneeling—Sparks, Martin, Woods.



BASEBALL

Top Row—Coach Delano, Sparks, Hatch, Gallagher, Mulherin, Dyer, Gilman, Ackroyd, Mackintosh. Middle Row—Martin, Walton, Berger, Vincent, Durkee, Drinkwater, Smith, Kroog, Oakman. Bottom Row—Chambers, Carter, Castagnetti, Captain Godfrey, Lane, Arnold, Wragg, Adams.

game. Captain Howard Godfrey also hit some valuable triples.

The first home game of the year was played against Concord and was lost by the score of 5-3. It was another hard game to lose and the boys were much discouraged after having the lead during the entire game. Carter was again the star of the game both in the field and at bat. Vincent, who is playing his first year of baseball, was also hitting the ball hard.

The weather, lack of practice, and no confidence resulted in our boys taking a terrific beating by Norwood in the next game by the score of 20-1.

Framingham was our next opponent and after hard batting by both sides Framingham won by the score of 16 to 11. Carter was the star for us and his hits resulted in several runs.

Walton pitched the next game which was against Natick, and, after not allowing a hit for seven innings, was pounded off the mound in the eighth and allowed Natick to win, 4-3.

Dedham won the next game from us owing to the fact that Carter, Castagnetti, Vincent, and Smith were being disciplined by Coach Delano for failure to practice regularly. Dedham won 12 to 4.

We broke in to the win column against Natick in the next game when Harry Gorse, pitching his first game, won in handy fashion

by the score of 5-3. "Joe" Lane played a great game at second base while Drinkwater also starred behind the plate.

The next games were played on the annual trip to Plymouth. Brockton was met first on a Friday and won in ten innings 4-3. Walton twirled for Needham and allowed only a few hits. He looked like a big leaguer in this contest and was accorded great support by Godfrey in the field and at bat.

Plymouth was an easy victim, and Needham bats rang with base hits, making a final score of 21 to 7. Carter, Vincent, and Castagnetti, better known as "The Three Musketeers," were the batting heroes.

Waltham won a lucky game on the day of the track meet, and the failure of the home boys to get any pre-game practice was responsible for the 7-4 score against us.

Although the season was not very successful, the Wellesley game made up for everything. After not having lost a contest to a high school team, Wellesley was defeated 9-0 through the masterful twirling of Walton. Castagnetti played catch because of the illness of Drinkwater. He pepped up the entire team and not an error was made. The football defeat of last year looked small compared with this overwhelming victory in baseball. Carter featured in the field as did Captain Godfrey, who made the best catch ever seen on Hunnewell Field.





Who's Who in '27

(By the Authentic Vote of the Senior Class)

- | | |
|--|---|
| Prettiest Girl—1st, Madeleine Pease; 2nd, The Morris Twins. | Most serious—1st, Arthur Birkett; 2nd, Mildred Packard. |
| Handsome fellow—1st, Howard Godfrey; 2nd, Leonard Morrison. | Greatest worrier—1st, Eleanor Rohn; 2nd, Helen Crawley. |
| Biggest bluffer—1st, Donald Taylor; 2nd, John Gilfoil. | Human question box—1st, Eleanor Rohn; 2nd, Harlan Crossett. |
| Greatest grind—1st, Helen Crawley; 2nd, Arthur Birkett. | Most ambitious—1st, Mildred Packard; 2nd, Helen Crawley. |
| Most likely to succeed—1st, Doris Blackman; 2nd, Arthur Birkett. | Most popular girl—1st, Madeleine Pease; 2nd, Mary Marshall. |
| Author—Russell Davis (unanimous). | Most popular boy—1st, Howard Godfrey; 2nd, Harold Vincent. |
| Authoress—Pearl Nanscawen (unanimous). | Done most for N. H. S.—1st, Arthur Oakman; 2nd, Arthur Birkett. |
| Soda Fountain cowboy—1st, Francis Coburn; 2nd, Harrie Fairweather. | Most to be admired—1st, Doris Blackman; 2nd, Arthur Oakman. |
| Best-natured—1st, John Drinkwater; 2nd, Leonard Morrison. | Best Athlete—1st, Arthur Oakman; 2nd, Frank Castagnetti. |
| Best dressed girl—1st, Josephine Westin; 2nd, Madeleine Pease. | Greatest social light—1st, Mary Marshall; 2nd, Madeleine Pease. |
| Best dressed boy—1st, George Rice; 2nd, Theodore Zirsch. | Nerviest—1st, Frank Castagnetti; 2nd, Donald Taylor. |
| Wittiest—1st, Leonard Morrison; 2nd, Richard Rodgers. | Laziest—1st, Eugene Smith; 2nd, William Ludlow. |
| Liveliest—1st, Madeleine Pease; 2nd, Anastasia Coughlin. | Loudest Laugh—1st, John Drinkwater; 2nd, Annie Westin. |
| Soapbox orator—1st, Robert Marshall; 2nd, John Gilfoil. | The alibi slinger—1st, John Gilfoil; 2nd, Donald Taylor. |
| Quaker—Wright (unanimous). | Class clown—1st, Francis Coburn; 2nd, John Drinkwater. |
| Quakeress—1st, Dorothy Crane; 2nd, Pearl Nanscawen. | Most stubborn—1st, Frederick Kroog; 2nd, Harold Vincent. |
| Coquette—1st, Charlotte Richards; 2nd, Anastasia Coughlin. | |

Wimmen

By RUSTLER DAVIS, '27

Wimmen are a strange thing. They are a lot like men only they doan haf to take off ther hats in elevators or churches. They can be traced back to Adam and Eave, which is not so darn remarkable because so can men.

Wimmen used to be awful dumb, and sat around while warriors bold with spurs of gold, etc., but now they are getting moar branes and are copying the men. They cut ther hare way off like men. This makes them sware and drink, altho I doan think they chew. But they love to smoke and blow smoke thru ther noses all thru resterents so men will see them.

They also like to danse. They carry powder and rooge and lipstick around in funny holders which look like to teeny py-plates sewed together. They put on ther face this powder, and rooge, etc., and every time ther face gets dirty put on sum moar and sum moar and sum moar and sum moar till ther face becum like a sunrise.

Wimmen are all alike, darn it, and wen they smile, it makes men's hare raise, tho not in frite. This they like to do, and if ther were no moar men, all the wimmen would suicide, because who could they smile at then?

Wimmen think they are a great mistery to men, and men think they are a great mistery to wimmen, and ther is no mistery at all, except—well, why is it wimmen look so nice wen they smile?

Wein: "When do you do your hardest work?"

Stratton: "Efore breakfast always."

Wein: "What do you do?"

Stratton: "Try to get outa bed!"

Mr. Delano: "Did you take a shower?"

Freshman: "Why, is there one missing?"

Miss Harrington: "I am going to give you a test on Tuesday."

Rohn: "On what?"

Coburn: "On Tuesday."

MOVIES

The Big Parade—Down the stairs from the third floor.

Blonde or Brunette—M. Pease and M. Marshall.

Just Another Blonde—Betty Darrah.

The Freshman—Peggy Rice.

The Barrier—Study hall bell.

The Last Laugh—Mr. Frost.

The Campus Flirt—Connie Oliver.

Twinkletoes—Peg Sullivan.

It—Dot Adams.

The Quarterback—H. Godfrey.

The Country Beyond—College.

A Social Celebrity—Anne Hickey.

What Price Glory!—Exams.

An Affair of the Follies—Don Taylor??

The Best People—Teachers.

The Cheaters—?—?

The Whole Town Talking—Lunch Period.

The Perfect Flapper—R. Halkett.

"Who won the war between Russia and Turkey?"

Student (just waking from a lethargic coma):
"Oh——Dempsy!!!!!!!"

The careful student: "This paper is bad for a pen—lend me yours so I won't hurt mine!"

Mr. Dimlich had just finished explaining a technical algebraic problem and brought his discussion to a conclusion with the query, "Are there any questions?"

MacGraegor: "Yes, how do you add by Roman numerals?"

To the most vexatious pupil, the teacher said, "It looks as if the best way to get along with you is to get along without you!"

It must be nice to be a superman—Cohen gets worried if he gets below "A" in physics while the rest of us are worrying about whether we're even going to receive a meagre "C—"!

Miss Richards: "Adam Smith was one of the biggest men of that time!" Evidently size appeals to her!

The Advocate

Ins and Outs of 1927

Name	Noted for	Failing	Outcome
Bus Adams	build	Bondie	Prop. Bond-Adams Beauty Parlor, Inc.
Frankie Allman	inconspicuousness	snappy service	ice man
Buck-it	long legs	feminine sex	football star
Sis Blackman	accuracy	boys	somebody's stenog.
Bill Bond	length	sophomores	chief manicurist
Peekie Castagnetti	football	street corners	aviator
Ray Chambers	gruffness	milk bottles	undertaker
Marion Clews	reticence	speed	gym instructor
Frannie Coburn	sly remarks	Heh! Heh!	Zoo (another animal)
Stacia Coughlin	attractiveness	smile	S. S. teacher
Dot Crane	placidity	class picture	suffragette
Lyd Cranton	mildness	somebody	lecturer
Freddie Crawley	business	knowledge	movie director
Crossett	eyes	big boys	heavyweight champ
Rosie Cylinski	color	vanity case	grass widow
Rustler Davis	blankness	French recitations	priest
Creep Dodge	hockey	bowling alleys	gum factory manager
Johnnie Drinkwater	voice	laugh	member of Ringling Bros.
Don Eaton	fiddle	women	Kreisler 3rd
Fairweather	handiness	chemistry	movie hero
Mable Fall	manner	Miss Harrington	nun
Henry Ford	eyes	dancing	somebody's wife
Johnnie Gilfoil	excuses	newspapers	senator
Gloria Green	good nature	loquacity	horse doctor
Peggy Hartshorn	shyness	music	salesgirl
Hank Godfrey	personality	M. P.	domesticated husband
Em Kimball	serenity	loud mouth	milliner
Phil Koldenborg	athletics	talk	side-show dwarf (fat lady)
Freddie Kroog	laziness	Snappy Stories	taxi-driver
Bill Ludlow	golf	banjo	fireman
Pauline Lyndon	pluck	dumb arts	newspaper reporter
Sit Marshall	variety	Teddy	???
Bob Marshall	speech	"Down the beach where I go."	deaf and dumb instructor
Gordie Martin	meekness	a freshman?	meteorologist
El Mason	granny	giggle	archaeologist
Jessie Milton	novelty	What we don't know	woman
El Morris	fascination	E. Morris	circus side show
Ev Morris	attractiveness	E. Morris	circus side show
Bidgie Morrison	wise cracks	(his math teacher)	life saver
Fletch Murray	teasing	flivver	proprietor tack factory
Murt	willingness	girl scouts	geneologist
Nanscawen	writing	P. E. N.	circus advertiser
Nick	debating	vocabulary	butcher
Artie Oakman	athletics	art	house dobber
Millie Packard	make	puzzles	follies girl
Peasie	petiteness	social activities	Head of old man's home

Name	Noted for	Failing	Outcome
Alice Peterson	seclusion	her set	toe dancer
Ev. Peterson	sweetness	typewriting	nice lady
Polley	his hair	navy	parrot raiser
Dot Queen	amiability	Canada	ideal wife
Dick Rawlings	Rolls-Royce	wimmen	linguist
Bud Rice	clothes	promptness	dancing master
Charlotte Richards	her line	sweet (s) hearts	tennis star
Ginger Richwagen	nicety	tickling the ivories	jazz conductor
Doris Robinson	calmness	nothing	gym instructor
Ritchie Rogers	muscle	sax	butterfly catcher
Roaming Rohn	worrying	why?	head of an orphan asylum
Louie Schirmer	views	present generation	missionary
Gene Smith	ease	Clicquot	caretaker of cemetery
Flossie Stanley	music	clothes	typist
Dud Sullivan	manner	cigar	politician
Don Taylor	bluff	blah	vacuum cleaner salesman
Ruthie Thomas	sweetness	boys?	night watchman
Pinkie Toombs	vivacity	twinkling toes	washerwoman
Bud Vincent	financial prowess	white flannels	minister
Annie Westin	humor	nothing	funeral director
Jo Weston	wardrobe	candy	chaufferette
Ken Wood	drawing	clerking	swindler
Bob Wright	eagerness	fiddle	professional strongman
Ted Zirsch	yes	ushering	applesauce factory foreman



FROSTY BITS

Setting: Fourth period American History
—Group of girls in corner eating cinnamon life-savers.

Mr. Frost: (sniff—sniff) "I smell peanuts!"

"What was the aim of the liberal party?" asked Mr. Frost.

Student: "What was the name of the liberal party?" (heh! heh!)

Mr. Frost: "What did Henry Clay hang around his neck."

Hogan: "A necktie."

Mr. Frost: "Some people are built like pyramids—small at the top."

In history: "What is the reason for so many laws? Civilization has become—what?"

Castagnetti: "Civilized!"

Motto of the school athletic team members:

"Two cents a day

Keeps Jack Frost away!"

A dead mouse was found on the floor. Mr. Frost remarked that some of us were more dead than the mouse.

Mr. Frost: "Were they going to install Washington on schedule time?"

Kroog: "No, no trains."

Mr. Frost: "What island did the Spanish War give us?"

Stude: "Porto Rico."

Mr. Frost: "No."

Another Stude: "Guam."

Mr. Frost: "No."

Guess Who: "Rhode Island."

Student: "He must have been dumb."

Mr. Frost: "He was a Frenchman."

Miss Churchill: "Who is the greatest actor of history?"

Class: "Mr. Frost."

Miss Harrington: "No one can tell me the meaning of *épaulette*. Well, then, will some one tell me what *épaule* means?"

Coburn: "Shoulder."

Miss Harrington: "Then what does *épaulette* mean?"

Coburn: "A woman's shoulder."

Miss Harrington: "Monsieur où est votre livre de français?"

Bartlett: "Oh! il est down stairs."

Miss Harrington: "Montrez Marseilles M. Godfrey" (on the map on the wall).

Godfrey goes and closes the door.

When Miss Leavitt was here: "Ladd, you and Drinkwater report in my room at the close of school today. I told you to study French and that's not French!"

Ladd: "It's French to me!"

Drinkwater: "If we study French now we won't have anything to study when we get home!"

His excuse when he arrived late at school was, "I couldn't get my car started," but it's lucky that he wasn't asked when, because he was referring to a day three months before.

Mr. Delano, who was taking charge of a class during the absence of the teacher: "Stratton why don't you get busy?"

Stratton: "I have been."

"Well I'd hate to pay you for the work you've done!"

A few minutes later, "Stratton, you had better get up and walk around the room a couple of times before you fall asleep!"

Hogan, called on after snoozing through a period, says "Why I must have been asleep!" (Quite right fella!)

After pronouncing a French word, Russell Davis is asked by the teacher which letters are silent and he replies, "Most of 'em!"

Miss Fessenden: (after someone had dropped an inkwell) "Coburn, was that you?"

Coburn: "No, ma'am, that was an inkwell."

Donald was pounding a typewriter in the stenography room so energetically on a Friday night about 4.30 that we thought he was going to spend the week-end in school.

"The advance assignment will be on page 257," said the teacher, "but if you leave out the '5' and call it page 27 it will still be an advance lesson for some of you!"

The teacher was correcting the cards preparatory to the third appearance of marks and remarked, "Out of the sets of cards for three classes I've only seen one with all 'A's!'"

Student aside: "She was lucky to find that one!"

Mr. Benton was questioning Nichols about how to connect the batteries to a door-bell, "Do I connect this wire to the positive terminal?"

Nichols: "Well, you can if you want to?"

Miss Fessenden: "Morrison, turn in your book please."

Morrison: "I'm sorry but I'm not an acrobat."

Miss Fessenden: "Coburn, sit down please."

Coburn: "I can't, I was bad last night."

Davis (looking at a picture of a train): "What I'd like to know is how they draw smoke."

Bright Boy: "Why, silly, they draw it through a funnel."

Davis (after losing his books): "Say, I'm going to start taking bookkeeping instead of math."

Listener: "Why?"

Davis: "So I can keep my books."

Miss Fessenden to Coburn: "You're not to sit side of Morrison *under* any condition."

Coburn: "I'm not sitting under a condition; it's a ceiling."

Davis: "Yes, I lost my book for a fact."

Coburn: "I bet he lost it for effect."

A Little Trick of Walking

By MALCOLM S. TOBEY, '28

There's a little trick of walking
When your "flivver" will not go,
And there's sure no use of squawking
When your "flivver's" feeling so.

When you wonder what's the trouble
And you calmly walk around,
In the tire there is a bubble,
And the engine's on the ground.

There's sure no use of weeping
When your "flivver's" on the blink,
For it's really only sleeping,
And you ought to stop and think.

When your "Leapin' Lena's" balking,
There's sure no use to fret,
There's a little trick of walking,
That you haven't learned as yet.

The Sophomore Stunt at the Gym Meet

By A SOPHOMORE

It was a hungry stomach,
And into it there went
Biscuits, olives, butter, cheese
With filling their intent.

Milk and pickle fought like mad,
And heavy lay mince-pie
Jam-sandwich, celery, ice-cream
To do their worst did try.

Faster and hotter waxed the fight
Until to their dismay
Along came Mistress Castor Oil
And thereby saved the day!

Ladd: "Has anyone seen a physics book?"

Rosenblatt: "Oh, did you lose one?"

Ladd: "Yes—did you find it?"

Rosenblatt: "Oh no! I lost one, too!"

"The more I think of him the less I think of him!"

French Instructor: "You've got to put the verb in."

Pupil: "Oh, well, spatter it in somewhere then!"

In French: "Is this sentence right or wrong?"

Zirsch: "Yes!"

And There Was a Suicide

The teacher had called upon a pupil whose book was in his brief case. He finally located the right book after intense search, and then asked what page, what scene, what act, and what line. After this information had all been given him he looked up, smiled, and brilliantly remarked, "I don't know just what it means!"

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore,
By saying, when he told a joke,
"I've heard that thing before."

Soph: "What makes your nose so flat?"

Frosh: "I spose it's to keep me from sticking it into other people's business."

Mr. Benton: "What is steam?"

Smith: "Water crazy with the heat."

Teacher: "In dramatizing this story the hardest part is the ending. Can anyone in the class suggest a good ending?"

Pupil: "Drop the curtain."

Caesar was a Roman man
As heartless as could be.
He killed off all his enemies,
And now he's killing me.

MAYBELLE FALL, '27.

Speaking of Hunting Deer in French Class

"Est-il bas-jointé?"

"Is he underslung?"

From a French Class

Stratton translating "Tous s'embassent" construes it as, "all were embarrassed!"

Another little student translated "Son plia" as "His bones bent!" So we thought that humans must have rubber bones.

Two seniors were figuring out how to get into the show at the lowest possible price.

"It says 50c for children under twelve! We just have to act young!"

"Well that lets us in all right. We can act 'new' enough to get in for two bits a piece!"

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Murray."

Murray (politely): "It won't do
you any good. It's bent."

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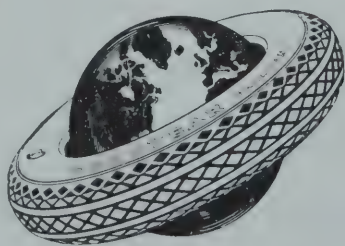
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 tinctly?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

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Ike: "I don't know."

Mike: "Well, what shape are my cuff links?"

Ike: "Square."

Mike: "I mean my Sunday links."

Ike: "Round."

Mike: "Now, what shape is the earth?"

Ike: "Square on week days and round on Sunday."

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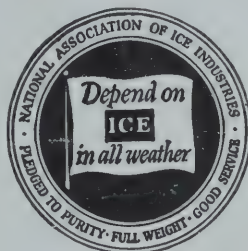
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FRIEND: "I suppose you didn't
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shaw on your travels?"ROAD HOG: "Dunno, old man,
I never stop to ask their names!"—*Passing Show.*

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